

August 22, 1962

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SUMMER
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**THE BOOM IN
SNOW SPORTS**

THE CHAMP
See page 8



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Page 2



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AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 22, 1972

A 4-PAGE
SPECIAL
FEATURE

THE SNOW SPORT BOOM



SKIERS fortify themselves with drinks at a restaurant in the Perisher Valley, N.S.W., before the chair-lift carries them up the snow-gum-dotted slopes to the 6000ft. level.

“More space than in Switzerland”

● In the Australian Alps, 5000ft. above the cares and boredom of a city weekend, John and Mary Smith grip their stocks and take off into the fastest snowballing sport in Australia—skiing.

YES, the snow is the thing these days.

In only three years skiing has climbed from the seventeenth most popular sport to sixth.

On the New South Wales fields alone, 55,000 enthusiasts are expected this season, compared with 20,000 last season.

Some of the easier ski runs at the closer resorts are becoming as busy as city streets. One run at Mount Buller, near Melbourne, has been “christened” Bourke Street, for obvious reasons.

Accommodation and mechanical uphill transport—chair-lifts, etc.—have kept one jump ahead of popular demand, though this year most commercial chalets and hotels

were heavily booked from the beginning of the season.

So, greater expansion in resort facilities is planned. The Kosciusko State Park Trust, which administers the 300 square miles of N.S.W. ski country, has estimated that private companies will spend about £5,000,000 during the next five years on the development of existing resorts and the building of new ones.

In the Victorian Alps, development is planned to keep pace with the demand. A new alpine village will be built at Mount Bawbaw, in Gippsland. At Falls Creek, 18 new lodges are being built for next season. About £1,000,000 is being spent on roads to the snow country.

To page 4

"Air is so healthy"

HIGHEST restaurant (right) in Australia is on top of 6500ft.-high Crackenback Mountain, at Thredbo, N.S.W. The highest point in the Australian Alps is Mount Kosciusko, N.S.W., 7316ft.



COMYO, a Samoyed, is popular with children (he pulls sleds for them) and adults at Perisher Valley. Behind is skeleton of a burnt snow gum.



"55,000 fans this season"

From page 3

In Tasmania, where you can ski at Mt. Field, 60 miles from Hobart, or Glen Lomond, near Launceston, the State Government is spending a lot of money to improve access to the snowfields.

There is room for expansion. The Australian Alps—200 miles of mountain-tops stretching from Canberra almost to Melbourne—offer more skiing space than Switzerland.

But what facilities are offered now?

This season—the snow is usually suitable for skiing between June and October—John and Mary Smith can have the choice of three types of accommodation in the Alps.

If they are members of a ski club they can stay in their club's lodge. If not, they can book into one of the small commercial chalets and sleep in bunks. Or they can choose one of the luxury hotels in the more fashionable resorts. These offer a heated bathroom with every room.

To reach the snow from Sydney they can take a special "ski train," drive their own car, or take a plane and bus excursion—there are even one-day excursions to and from the snowfields.

From Melbourne, they would probably prefer to drive to the closest resort, Mount Buller, as the road is good and the journey takes only four hours. However, they could go by train.

Once there, they can get about by chair-lift, T-bar, skis, toboggan, sno-cat (a tracked, tank-like vehicle), or—in the Perisher Valley, N.S.W.—by one-horse open sleigh.

For the first time they ski, they can



"Century-old sport"

COMPETITOR in the 1961 New South Wales and National Ski Championships held at Cabramurra, N.S.W., sweeps past trees. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

ALPINE Chalet Hotel, Hotham Heights, Victoria, stands in "White Christmas" card scenery trodden by diggers in the 1880s goldrush. Picture by Victorian Tourist Bureau.

"Snow isn't as soft as it looks"

CHILDREN ride in a ski-tractor driven by a "bear" in the Perisher Valley. This vehicle can carry three passengers at 20 m.p.h.

borrow their clothes from friends who are veterans and hire their boots and skis from the resort they've chosen or from a ski shop in the city.

If, later, they decide that skiing is the sport for them, they can each buy a ski wardrobe for about £56, including boots, skis, and stocks, which will last for years.

If they're spending a week in the mountains of N.S.W., it will cost them a minimum of about £27 each, which includes the return rail and bus fare from Sydney, accommodation in a commercial lodge, meals, and the hire of skis and boots.

If they leave from Melbourne and spend a week in the Victorian Alps, their holiday will cost an approximate £26/15/- minimum.

On the first day John and Mary will discover that snow isn't as soft as it looks. When they fall on it, it's darned hard.

And they'll be amazed how wet it can be when it gets inside a boot.

Soon they'll be talking about "langlaufs, lanieres, cornices, and christies"—technical terms of the skiing fraternity.

And in the evenings, when by city standards they would be exhausted, they'll visit

other chalets or hotels and chat, dance, or join a party over a steaming dish of "fondue"—melted cheese.

The reason for their energy and joi-de-vivre is probably the altitude—mountain air is so healthy—but it could be the change of atmosphere, too. Thanks to the influx of migrants to all of the alpine resorts, a trip to the ski-fields is as stimulating as a trip overseas.

Not only do you hear German spoken almost as often as English, but the architecture in the villages is more typical of Alpine Europe than of Australia. The pace of life is different, too.

Though Australian snow is wetter—our Alps aren't far from the sea—than the snow of Central Europe, the appearance of the skiing country above the tree-line is similar. The alpine altitude in Australia (7316ft. and below) is, however, much lower than Europe's.

At the tree-line, you could be nowhere else than in Australia. The gnarled, twisted snow gums, splayed so solidly in the snow, give Australian resorts their unique character.

To page 7

"Different pace of life"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 22, 1962





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"In the evenings . . . dancing, parties"

CANDLELIGHT cuts into the dusk through a fringe of icicles festooning a typical lodge in the Thredbo Valley. All Thredbo and Perisher pictures on these pages are by Douglass Baglin.



From page 5

No other country has them and nowhere else on this planet do similar broad-leaved trees exist at such altitudes.

Though this burst of popular enthusiasm for skiing is a new thing in Australia, the sport actually began here a century ago.

Norwegian goldminers at Kiandra, N.S.W., in the 1860s started it and had races for all—including the many Chinese miners.

As the gold petered out the skiers drifted away from the area. With only a few hardy sportsmen left, in 1870 a ski-club was formed at Kiandra, with famous poet "Banjo" Paterson one of the officials. This club in Kiandra is the oldest ski-club in the world.

From the 1860s to the late 1950s there were comparatively few facilities for tourists.

However, with the increase of migrants from Europe's skiing countries and the pressure from Australians who had developed a taste for the sport during European holidays, the Kosciuszko State Park Trust and the Victorian authorities leased State land for building by clubs and private interests.

Just how popular this move has been can be gauged by the growth of Thredbo Village, in N.S.W. In 1959 Thredbo had two buildings catering for 25 skiers. Today there are about 50 buildings and accommodation for more than 1000 skiers.

Thredbo will expand even more. The Lend Lease Corporation Ltd. has leased 4000 acres there and plans to spend £250,000 developing it as a health and tourist resort.

Thredbo's success story is typical of that of all the Alpine resorts. In New South Wales, the main ones besides Thredbo are Perisher Valley, Smiggins Holes, Charlotte's Pass, Kiandra, Diggers Creek, and Guthega.

In Victoria, skiers go to Falls Creek, Mount Buffalo, Mount Buller, Hotham Heights, and Mount Bawbaw.

—CAROL TATTERSFIELD

"One-horse open sleigh"

TYROLEAN sleigh ride at night through snow gums in the Perisher Valley. A Continental atmosphere, introduced mainly by migrants, pervades life on Australia's snowfields.

Page 7





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Our cover

Her pedigree name is Foxwyre Flash Gem, but otherwise she's called "Sweetie," a nickname abbreviated from Sweet Sue. "Sweetie" is a very famous dog, for she was chosen as the 1962 Grand Champion of the Royal Easter Show in Sydney, from a record entry of 3103 dogs.

"Sweetie," owned by Mr. and Mrs. K. Allen, of Sydney, is a wire-haired fox terrier, aged three years. She has won many top awards, including a Royal Agricultural Society Championship when she was only nine months old. She is quite aware of her importance, and can be very stand-offish on meeting new people. But once she makes friends, it's for ever.

In the show-ring "Sweetie," while retaining her glamor and femininity, sheds her sweetness and turns into a spirited would-be fighter, hostile to all other dogs, especially small, fluffy types. She tries and tries to reach the "enemy" dogs, amusing spectators, but NOT other dogs or their owners. This is the true terrier spirit. Her chief loves are food, having her tummy scratched, puppies, and dog-shows.

Cover photograph by staff photographer Don Cameron.

THE WEEKLY ROUND

- Many of the color pictures from The Australian Women's Weekly are used to help train teachers among the people of New Guinea, writes Brother Canute, of the Catholic Mission, Wewak.

THE pictures are pasted on to charts, as shown in the snapshot at right.

"The teacher trainees are clamoring for all the pictures they can lay their hands on and 'The Weekly,' you can be sure, is their first choice," writes Brother Canute.

"I have friends in Australia who faithfully send along copies of your magazine, and teacher training in such subjects as Health, Nature Study, Reading, Pre-reading, Counting, Number Work all come under the influence of the 'Weekly'."

But he says it was hard to get "the boys" to smile (see snapshot) when they knew their own picture might be in the paper.

The pasted pictures in the snap serve to illustrate dogs, musical instruments, etc., to the trainees.

Our short story "Cafe de Grenelle" (page 30) was sent to us by the author, an American, Francis Price, who was so delighted with



● Trainee teachers at Wewak display charts of pictures from past copies of The Australian Women's Weekly, used to aid studies.

our presentation of one of his stories, "The Charms of Monique," that he was hoping to have another in our magazine.

Francis Price, who is a regular "Saturday Evening Post" writer, likes writing about Paris, a city where he has spent a good number of years, although he is now living at Long Island, New York.

He is busily working there

on a documentary on the history of the Normandie, the liner mysteriously burnt at a New York pier in 1942 while being converted into a troopship.

He originally intended writing a series of short stories about the cafe and its proprietor, Gabrielle, but at the moment she has been neglected for the documentary and translations of French novels.

NEW HOTEL IS THE BIGGEST

● The American-designed Southern Cross Hotel, £5½ million worth of up-to-the-minute accommodation in Melbourne, is the largest in Australia, or, for that matter, the Southern Hemisphere. This impressive building in the heart of the city, with its 435 guest-rooms, will be opened on August 24 by the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies. It occupies the old Eastern Market site bounded by Bourke Street (on the right) and Exhibition Street (on the left), a two-and-a-quarter-acre corner block. Incorporating an interior plaza, the hotel has shop rental space on three levels.



HUGE "SOUTHERN CROSS" sign and emblem topping the hotel hide two floors of air-conditioning and electrical equipment. Twenty-three shades of blue were used in the mosaic tile panels on the exterior of the building. Black screenings and white, brown, and cream pebbles form a pattern on the low flat roofs. From the top floor there is a wide view of Melbourne and its surrounding suburbs from Port Phillip Bay to the Dandenongs. Accommodation prices rise with the floors, in the American way.

BLACKWOOD PANELLING and fittings give The Tavern on the plaza level of the hotel the look of an old English inn. Stained and leaded windows attractively filter the daylight. A big brass-railed island bar in the centre of the room will be "manned" by barmaids to give the right atmosphere. This is one of nine restaurants and bars in the hotel.

● Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard



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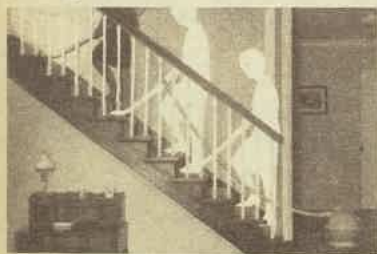
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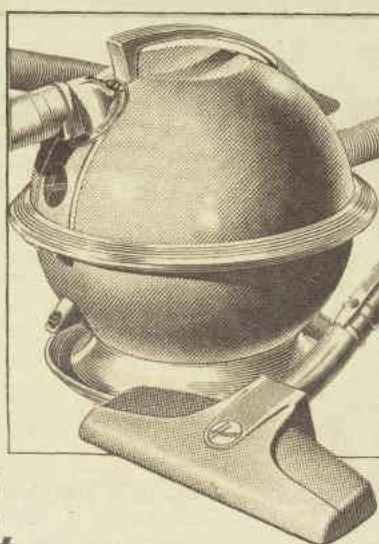
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FATHER



"The man behind you says if you don't cut it out, dear, he'll give you something to cry about."

MOTHER



"And who's sponsoring this million-pound lottery with tickets for threepence each?"

It seems to me

WHEN holiday rosters are arranged for a comparatively small staff, there is a good deal of discussion to arrive at dates that suit people and cause the least disruption.

Some want holidays to coincide with their husbands'. Some like to be away on school holidays, and some avoid these.

"Can I just look up the calendar to see how the moon is?" I asked.

"The what?" asked the editor. (In town, people tend to forget about the moon except in relation to space rockets.)

"I haven't copped a full moon for years," I said plaintively, scrabbling through the calendar.

"Are you sure a fortnight is all you need?" asked the editor with concern.

Fortunately, a fisherman present grasped the point at once.

The August moon usually means bream where I go fishing, and by the time this reaches print I hope to be hauling some in. Advance reports from the area indicate that they've been romping around for a month, so I hope the perverse creatures haven't taken off for some other beach.

STORY overheard in a bus. (One man was telling it to another):

"So when I got home she said to me, 'Notice anything different?' And I said—I didn't need to be Mandrake, because she'd been yapping about how she was going to do it for a fortnight—'Yes,' I said, 'you've washed the curtains.'"

"Then, believe it or not, she has a fit of the sulks. Won't talk for an hour. 'Aw, come on, what's the matter?' I ask. And she says, 'Well, the curtains weren't all that dirty. But if YOU noticed, they must have looked filthy.'"

MOST people paid more than the lip-service due to a stranger when they spoke of Marilyn Monroe's death.

The regard for her was curiously different from the fan enthusiasm felt for many film stars. When Jean Harlow died in the nineteen-thirties there was something of the same wave of feeling.

Actresses in world limelight are accustomed to a mixture of adulation, envy, and criticism. Marilyn Monroe drew a kinder response. Yet she never seemed aware of it.

A man who worked with her on the film "Something's Got to Give," the film which was shelved after she had been sacked, said: "She seemed to think the whole world was against her."

Actually a lot of the world was with her. But the world is not enough. What women—and men—need is the comfortable and secure feeling that two or three special people—or even one—are with them, right or wrong.

By



Dorothy Drann

NOW that the Duke of Bedford is taking in paying guests at Woburn Abbey, his butler must be under considerable strain.

All that is required of the Duke and Duchess is to act in a normal and gracious manner. And when a guest is paying £69 a night it must be easy to be gracious.

(If you're thinking of getting up a party, remember that the Duke limits the visitors to eight at a time.)

But how should the butler behave? Should he be aloof

and condescending in the traditional manner of butlers confronted by strangers? Or should he be pleasant?

I think he'd be wise to tend toward coldness. Otherwise a wife might say to her husband as they dressed for dinner: "I don't care for the manner of that butler."

"Seemed a decent sort of chap to me," says husband. "Quite friendly."

"Exactly," says the wife. "Just because he knows we're paying a fortune. If you and I were really private guests here he'd be snooty. Someone ought to tell the Duke."

I KNOW that you girls who stay home don't go for too much Pollyanna stuff about housework, but isn't it a gorgeous feeling when you get the clothes in off the line one minute before the heavens open?

SCOTLAND is selling frozen porridge to England. Other Scottish exports doing well are canned haggis and pure Highland water, which is bottled and sold abroad to add to Scotch whisky.

D'ye ken McTavish? A right braw Highland Scot

Who on his bawbees now pays supertax,

He laid foundations for his little lot By freezing porridge for the Sassenachs. He likewise exports water from the glen,

Labelled and bottled, far across the sea,

And when he takes a drappie now and then,

He chuckles to himself with Gaelic glee.

His brains were bred on honest Highland fare,

A diet which has caused him no regret,

For now he can afford, he's well aware, To lunch on caviare and crepes suzette.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 22, 1962

KP100

Page 11



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'DOLLINK, I

— said
the famous

OTTO
LUCAS

(the man who made
200 hats for the Kent
wedding last year)

to our reporter

Sheila Sibley



ONE
THE FIRST HAT Mr. Lucas jammed on my head, a beautiful confection of cream and tangerine flowers, was the kind little girls have in mind when they look at you accusingly and cry, "Why haven't you got a hat I can play ladies in?" "Zis 'at," Mr. Lucas said, "was on the cover of 'Arper's Bazaar.'" He is famed for having more hats on more magazine covers than any other milliner.

REPORTER'S MEMO:

I HOPE I KNOW MY DUTY. When the editor says, "Go and be photographed in some Otto Lucas hats"—I go. I do not stop to point out that I had three hours' sleep the night before and my face looks like an unmade bed. I do not point out that I am no Margo McKendry at the best of times. I go. But let us get one thing clear. If there are any ideas about cheesecake shots, we're through.

Accompanied by a fantastic number of hats, Mr. Lucas recently completed a whirlwind tour of Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

The hats ranged from bright, shiny straw Bretons to filmy turbans, with many a wide brim as well. Not too wide. "You can easily get wix zem into your motor-car," said Mr. Lucas. "Fashion should be made today for today's modern living."

He was in a restless mood when I approached him during his Melbourne stop-over. You could see I was the last straw—and not the kind of straw he'd use in any hat of HIS.

"Dollink," he said crisply. "I can gift you ten minutes." We had wanted his advice on how to choose a hat. I gathered from Mr. Lucas that he seldom LET a woman choose a hat.

"You are not in this business long, dollink, without knowing instinctively what a woman should put on 'er 'ead. I always pick ze 'ats. Never do I show a woman more than 12. Then teenish, that is it."

I muttered ashamedly that the editor wanted another reporter. Scarth Flett, and myself photographed in some of his hats.

For a moment Mr. Lucas registered stark incredulity, blended with something even more poignant. Then, white-lipped, he glanced at his watch and said, "All right, let's go."

I pointed to a big red hat. "What about—"

"I always pick ze 'ats, dollink," he answered ominously.

The hats illustrated are those he picked.

Dear Editor, I know you wanted his comments on which hats suited Scarth and me and why. You wanted to know what type of hats in general suit what type of people.

I could have insisted, I know—but the subject was already past boiling point and building up as fine a head of steam as I have ever seen. Had I been alone I might have risked it, but I felt Scarth was too young to die.
—S.S.

ALWAYS PICK ZE HATS...



TWO



THREE



FOUR



FIVE

HE REMINDED ME that this hat was on the cover of our own paper. He did not add that it had looked a great deal better there, but the feeling got through to me. "I smoke all the time I am putting ze 'ats on ladies," he commented. "It is my trademark. ASH-TRAY, ASHTRAY!" "Did you ever set a lady on fire?" I asked. "Yes," said Mr. Lucas with a fetching leer, "but never wis a cigarette."

"IS FEENISH NOW, my dollink?" Seeing I was not, he produced hat No. 3. "Zis is a Breton, it is the new look of my collection. Now, a Breton suits everybody." He looked again. "Well, almost everybody." "Did you study Australian women's tastes before you brought out this collection?" I asked keenly. "No, my dollink, I bring out exactly the same 'ats as I make for the sophisticated women in London, Paris, New York. You going now?" he finished more hopefully.

"NO? VERY WELL, here is anozer," he said resignedly. "The leetle flower 'at. This sizson flower 'ats are very important." He jammed the hat hard down, teeth clenched. "It doesn't fit," I said nervously. Mr. Lucas said nothing, but his expression indicated that you cannot win them all. "Do London milliners still consider the bouffant hairstyle any kind of threat?" I asked nervously. "The bouffant 'airstyle, my dollink," Mr. Lucas said forcefully, "is as dead as last year's feesh."

"ONE LAST HAT?" I asked bravely. Breathing heavily, Mr. Lucas extinguished me with a coffee-colored straw that had a distinct racial resemblance to the Myer Music Bowl. I looked wildly round for the photographer, but as my head was fixed in a grip of steel all I saw was coffee-colored straw. "But no one can see me!" I cried. "Dollink, they don't need to see you," Mr. Lucas hissed.

... And somesing for zis yong chicken



ONE



TWO

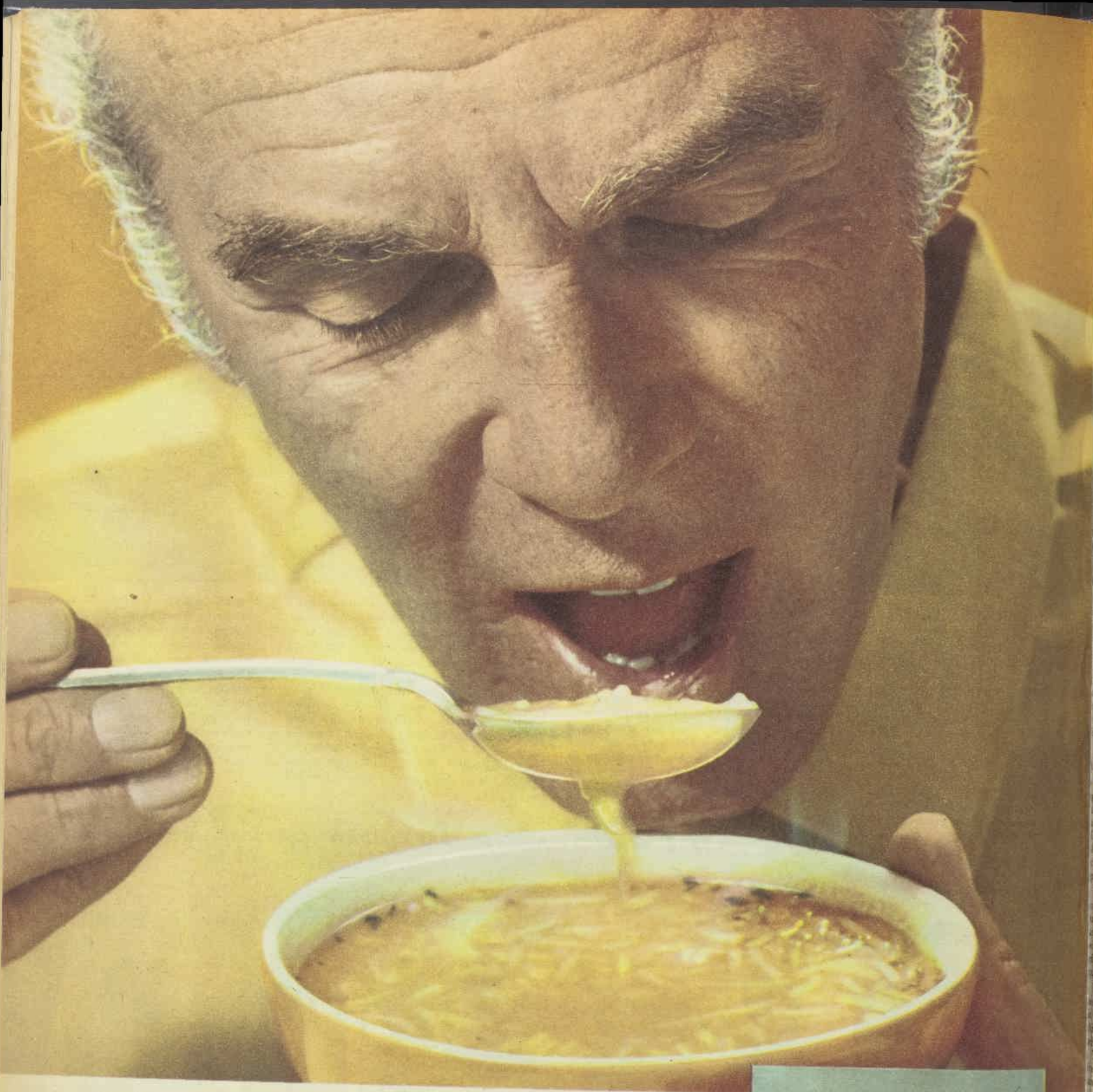


THREE

IT TOOK RAW COURAGE to repeat at this point that the office was not going to be content with one human sacrifice—they required two. Pretty, dark-eyed Scarth Flett had been told to offer her defenceless head for the younger hats. Mr. Lucas at this point looked at his watch and muttered something in an unknown tongue. "I will find somesing for zis sweet yong chicken." This is what he found.

"FOR THE YONG ONES there is a different way of looking at it. Now this 'at—" he slammed a yellow straw on her bemused head, "is for the sweet little girl like zis." "It's too tight," said the sweet little girl. "Is it?" said Mr. Lucas. He was smiling with the tips of the teeth alone. Luckily, my colleague did not pursue the matter further.

"SO SOMESING WIS A BRIM, and then goodbye. This-kind hat is suitable for these kids." It was a becoming green straw. "It is simplicity" (emotion had made his English somewhat the worse for wear), "but still looks pretentious. This you would wear to the Melbourne Gold Cup. Is feenish now? You going?" He kissed us in loving gratitude for going. "GOODBYE, MY DOLLINKS."



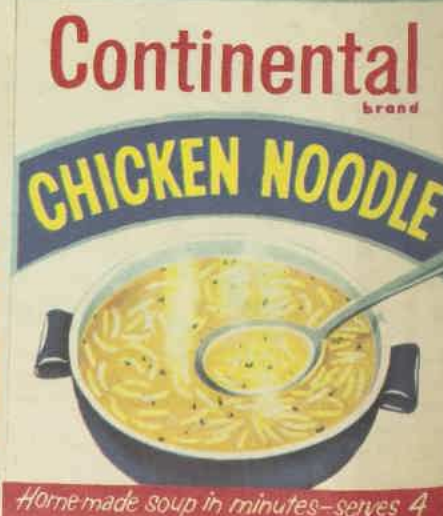
Taste that Chicken in **Continental** soup

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Every golden drop is rich with tender, delicious chicken. After all, the best soup comes from the best ingredients. So the chefs at Continental choose only prime young chicken—lots of it. (Did you know that Continental brand is the biggest buyer of chicken in Australia—just for soup!) Lots of chicken, lots of butter-soft egg noodles and tasty spices—that's the recipe for Australia's favourite soup—Continental brand Chicken Noodle. Have some tonight . . . and taste that chicken! Mmmm!

"Try this new recipe" says *Betty King*

Chicken and Tuna Cakes: Cook 1 packet of Continental Brand Chicken Noodle Soup in ½ pint (10 oz.) boiling water for 5 minutes, cool. Boil 1½ lb. potatoes without salt, drain and mash adding prepared soup. Add 1 lb. tuna or salmon (drained, flaked and bones removed) and mix thoroughly to combine. When mixture cools, shape into flat cakes using a little flour. Dip into beaten egg and roll in dry breadcrumbs. Deep fry until golden brown. Drain and serve immediately.



Taste the home-made goodness in **Continental** soup

● *A survey by Sydney Hospital into the dangerous effect of excessive use of phenacetin has set all Australia worrying about the advisability of taking headache pills and powders.*

To clarify the confusion existing in many minds about how often analgesics should be taken, and what is a safe dose, we sent a reporter to interview a Sydney Authority on Drugs. These are his views.

Headache powders

BY A SYDNEY AUTHORITY ON DRUGS

ABOUT 230 tons of phenacetin a year are taken in Australia in conjunction with other painkillers—and most of this consumption is unnecessary.

Recent medical surveys indicate that phenacetin has no particular virtue as a painkiller. A person with a headache should get as much relief from pain by taking ordinary aspirin as by taking aspirin with phenacetin added.

There is no need, however, for panic.

Read the labels

When buying headache powders or pills, read the labels to see whether phenacetin is contained in them. Under the Food and Drug Act, contents must be declared on packages of proprietary analgesics.

Your greatest safety is to use commonsense and restraint in taking them. This applies to ALL analgesics, which can have serious effects if taken too frequently.

They should be taken—and are extremely valuable in killing pain—for such things as toothache, headaches, period pains.

They should not be taken from habit or as a stimulant. They should not be taken daily except under medical supervision.

Relief from prolonged

pain—such as that experienced in rheumatism or arthritis—should be prescribed for only by your doctor.

Aspirin has recently been cited by some medical authorities as a contributory cause of gastric ulcers, and many physicians disapprove of giving aspirin in any form to children under seven.

Codeine is even more powerful than aspirin or phenacetin, so dangers in overdosing can be appreciated. It is, in fact, derived from the alkaloid, morphine, and, though it is much less potent, it should be taken only in very small doses for relief of pain.

Codeine over certain levels is controlled in New South Wales as a dangerous narcotic drug.

Those who are really exposing themselves to danger are the addicts who are suffering from a psychological—not a physical—need of headache powders and pills.

Medical evidence shows that such men and women who take from 12 to 24 powders or pills containing phenacetin a day expose themselves to the danger of kidney damage, resulting in death.

Those who take such large quantities, not because they are in pain but "because it gives me a lift, makes me feel better," are filling themselves needlessly with harmful amounts of phenacetin

and aspirin, neither of which has any stimulating effect.

The preparation they take usually consists of aspirin, phenacetin, and caffeine. It is the caffeine which gives the temporary stimulant they believe they need.

But they would get exactly the same benefit—i.e., the same amount of caffeine—from a cup of strong tea or coffee.

Anaemic people are specially prone to headache-pill addiction. They feel tired because of their condition; a powder may give them a temporary lift.

But the phenacetin contained in the powder or pill taken in large quantities actually destroys components in their blood, making them more tired, more anaemic. It is a vicious circle.

One of the danger signs in a person who has been taking overdoses is the bluish tinge of complexion, caused by damage to the blood, known medically as cyanosis.

Stop it now

A word of comfort to those who have been taking large quantities of headache powders or pills. The thing to do now is STOP IT!

Phenacetin has no cumulative effect. It passes through the system in about five hours.

So if you feel perfectly well, the chances are that you have done yourself no permanent damage.

But don't take any more phenacetin, and, in any case,

take "headache" tablets only for the relief of threshold pain—the point at which the nerves first become aware of pain.

If you have a sudden headache, the start of an aching tooth, a first-day period pain, or trouble in getting to sleep at the start of a cold, a codeine or aspirin tablet taken—not more than three tablets in 24 hours—should be within the safety limit.

But a safe dose varies with the individual, and if bad pain persists for more than a day or so, medical advice should be sought.

When the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science (ANZAAS) meets in conference in Sydney on August 20, an important topic of discussion will be the problem of phenacetin toxicity.

Among the recommen-

dations likely to be made for the control of the drug are:

(1) That phenacetin should be available only on a doctor's prescription, a rule already in force in Scandinavia, and

(2) Making it available only through pharmacists, banning the indiscriminate sale of headache cures through slot machines, groceries, cafes, etc.

DOCTORS' SURVEY

THE survey, by a team of Sydney Hospital doctors, widely publicised by Press, radio, and TV, examined 1350 autopsies performed at Sydney Hospital during a three-year period, January, 1959-January, 1962.

Of these 1350 people, 50 were described as having had renal (kidney) papillary necrosis, and in 47 of these 50 cases the patient had been in the habit of taking phenacetin preparations daily.

The analysis also showed that nearly all the patients who at death had papillary necrosis were also suffering from a marked urinary-tract infection.

Doctors working on the Sydney survey believe that phenacetin consumption alone does not cause the disease, but that

phenacetin consumption over a long period causes kidney damage not detected until the patient develops a urinary infection or any breakdown in kidney function.

Papillary necrosis then sets in, and in many cases causes sudden death.

Since January, 1962, some hospitals have banned phenacetin. Its use is restricted in Sydney Hospital, Royal Prince Henry Hospital, and Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

Sales of headache powders and pills containing phenacetin have dropped.

The National Health and Medical Research Council is expected, at its meeting in October, to recommend placing the drug on the poisons schedule.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

● For Working Wives

The chief characteristic of the working wife is—she's in a hurry. Next week, a six-page section is specially designed to help the working wife; to help her save time, save money, save tempers.

It's packed with time-saving hints on housework; ideas and menus for quick meals.

● Swimsuit survey for '62

The new look in swimsuits is young and becoming. A five-page color survey shows the brilliant colors, new fabrics, and imaginative styles for the 1962 swim season.

● Judy Garland Story

To keep by you as you watch the Judy Garland Spectacular on Saturday, August 25, our four-page TV section lists the programme and features Judy's life story. Color pictures of Judy and co-stars Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin highlight the section.

● Exciting mystery serial

Beginning a new mystery serial, "Murder Beyond The Pale," by Australian author Margot Neville, with her famous detective team, Inspector Grogan and Sergeant Manning.

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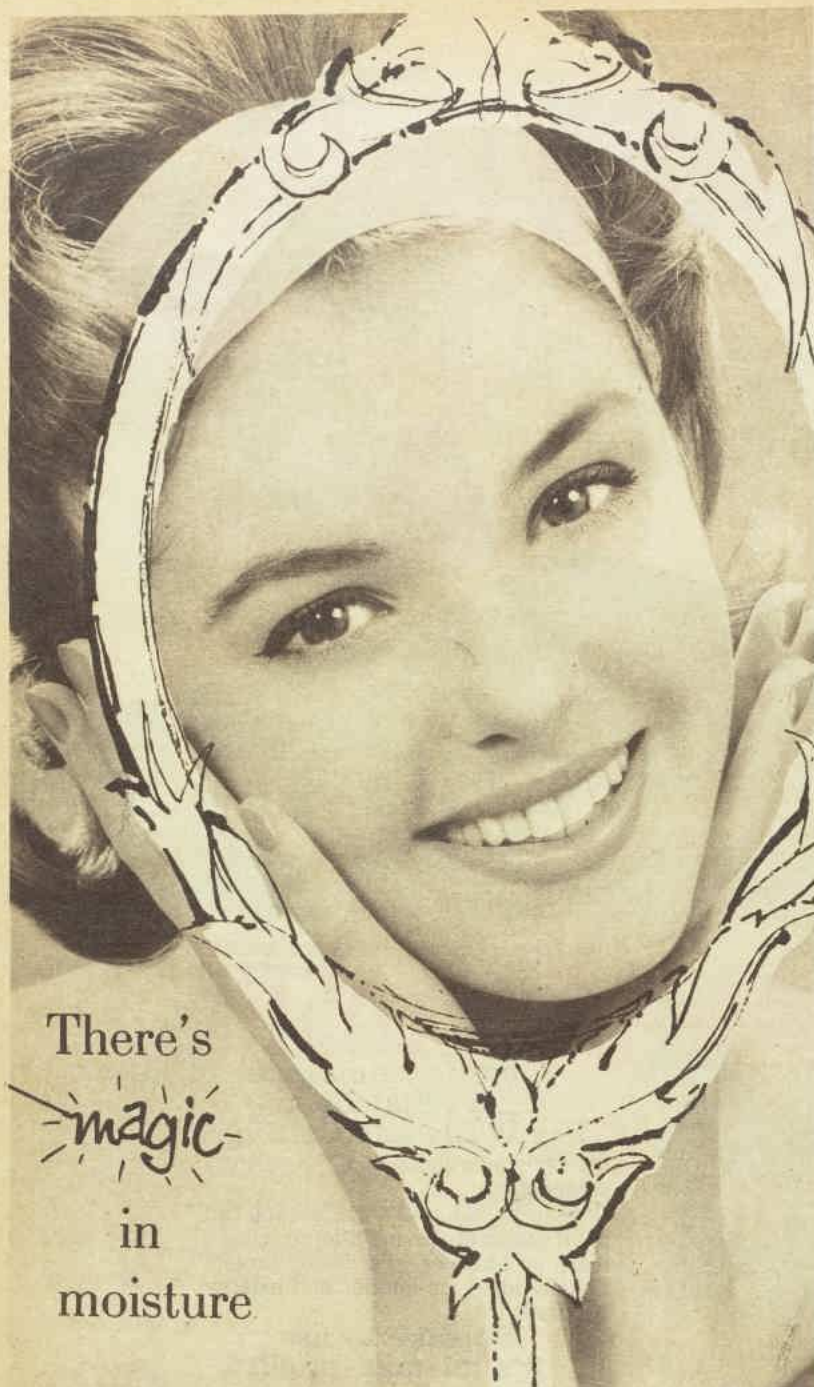
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Newcastle: Arnold's Lane, off Station St., Waratah, Newcastle. Ph. 68.1228
Melbourne: 7th Floor, Allans Bldg., 276 Collins St., Melbourne. Ph. MF 8792
Brisbane: Nudgee Rd., Hendra, Brisbane. Ph. 68.2541
Adelaide: 4th Floor, Murray House, 77-79 Grenfell St., Adelaide. Ph. 8.4398
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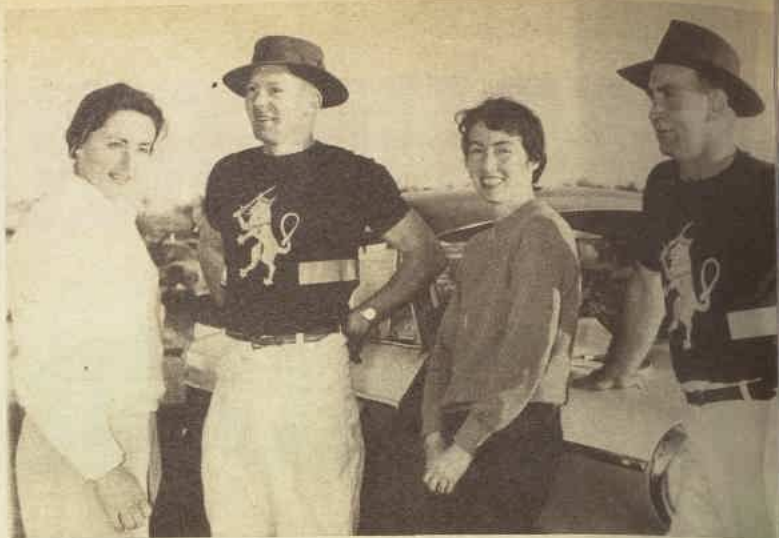
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it replaces vital moisture to
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POLOCROSSE CARNIVAL. Annette Rossiter, of Glen Innes (at left), with Mr. and Mrs. Brian Kiehne, of "Nioka," Glen Innes, and Ron O'Hara, of "Ronara Park," Glen Innes, at the Red Cross Polocrosse Carnival held at Maitland.

PREVIEW showing of "The Windjammers" on August 22 is really going to be glamor plus. Setting the note for the evening will be a fanfare for the Governor and Lady Woodward sounded on the brass trumpets of the Royal Australian Navy band—the trumpets are three-and-a-half feet long and will be hung with brilliantly colored banners.

The film preview has been arranged by a special committee of the Australian Outward Bound Foundation and the proceeds will go to the school on the Hawkesbury.

In the foyer at the Plaza Theatre there'll be a fascinating tableau of sea-going clothes—from 1066 to the present day. Guests will see the dress of men from the Cinque Ports, just what an Elizabethan sailor on the Mayflower would have worn, a Wren in 1917—in flowing skirt and high boots—and her 1962 counterpart.

By the way, Captain Alan Villiers, who is now in Darwin on a National Geographic expedition, wrote the script and was a technical adviser for the film. He's also connected with the Outward Bound movement, and in 1949 was master of one of their sea-going training vessels in the United Kingdom.

HEAR that Ann van Bochove will be wearing her gorgeous traditional costume from Marken, Holland—stiffened lace winged cap, tight black waistcoat-blouse with floral bib, gaily striped skirt, little black apron, and all—at next week's second gala premiere at the new Metro Continental, Kings Cross, on Friday. She'll even wear wooden clogs and have her long fair hair done in Dutch braids. Ann is one of the young people representing twenty countries who will give programmes to guests as they arrive at the premiere of "Vic Privee," arranged by the N.S.W. Division of the United Nations Association of Australia.

AFTER a round of bon-voyage parties, Barbara Little, of Sans Souci, flies off to Canada on Saturday. She'll holiday there for a while and then move on to England and be home again in a year or two.

BELLES of the Blue and White Ball... Penny Cutner and Carolyn Condon making a wonderful contrast in their graceful floor-length dresses. Penny chose an elegant covered-up black ribbon lace jacket over a silk skirt and Carolyn a wide boat-necked dress in white brocade with a soft bow-tied waist.

SOME white heather sent all the way from the bonny glens o' Scotland will be in Heather Kerr's bouquet when she walks up the aisle to wed Bob Graham at St. John's Church, Wahroonga, on August 23. One of Heather's friends, Helen Begg, who is overseas, picked the heather while she was in Scotland, packed it in a potato to keep it fresh, and sent it out as a "special" present for the wedding day.

ADELAIDE WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Reid leaving Christ Church, North Adelaide, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Georgina Irwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Irwin, of North Adelaide, and Sandy is the son of the late Mr. George Thyne Reid and of Mrs. Reid, of Narrangullen, Yass.

MRS. GEOFFREY HAYES has been down from Brisbane helping her daughter Nadeia and son-in-law Peter Mooney settle in such a charming old two-storeyed house they've bought on the Lane Cove River at Hunter's Hill. They decided their Vaucluse flat wasn't a large enough household after the arrival of their baby daughter, Simon. Her godparents, incidentally, are Queenslanders Sir Frederick Schonell, Vice-Chancellor of the Queensland University, Mrs. George Colville, of Brisbane, and Isobel Bloomer, of Southport.

"WE'LL be dancing under the stars—I hope," said Anne Morck when she was telling me of the barbecue the Harlequin Committee of the Royal Blind Society has planned for September 1. The party will be held in the grounds of Anne Bolger-Colvin's home in French's Forest and guests will grill steaks in the garden and then dance on a floor which will be erected on the lawn.

PENNANT from Gretel is one of the souvenirs Ross and Patricia Leader will be bringing home from their three-month trip around America. They're travelling in a motor van with fellow Australians Bernice Bon and Barbara Weis, and Marjorie Ollies, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and were "down to meet the boat" when Gretel arrived at Newark, New Jersey, on board the City of Sydney. An Australian officer on the ship invited them on board for afternoon tea and presented them with one of Gretel's pennants "Just for luck."



SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



QUARTET (from left) Mr. John Small, Miss Margaret Cummins, Mr. John Niesche, and Miss Connie McGrogan, of Singleton, at the Candlelight Ball arranged by nurses of the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children at the University of N.S.W. Union Hall. Proceeds from the function, which was attended by more than 350 guests, will go towards the Children's Medical Research Foundation.

AT LEFT: Miss Susie Muir and Mr. Leo McDonald with one of the straw models which decorated the Union Hall at the University of N.S.W. for the Candlelight Ball. Miss Muir topped her pretty silk taffeta dress with a brilliantly colored stole.



BELOW: Miss Barbara Cox and Mr. Ken Haylan at the Kosciuszko Alpine Club's buffet dinner held at Ye Olde Crusty Cellars to celebrate the 53rd anniversary of the Club.

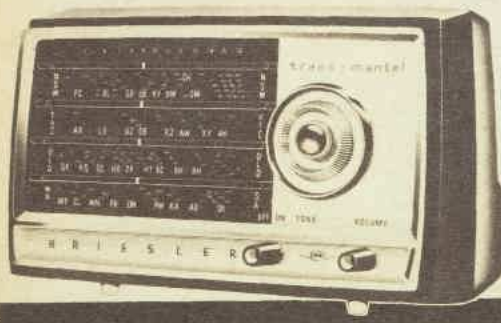
ART PRIZE. Mrs. Leonard Hensing (above left) with Mrs. Gordon Andrewes at the opening of the Helena Rubinstein Travelling Art Scholarship at the Art Gallery of N.S.W. Mr. Eric Smith was awarded the Art Scholarship for 1962.

GROUP of guests admiring the Victorian figure which decorated the entrance to the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children's Ball of Progress at Trocadero. They are, from left, Mr. Barry Hackshall, Miss Lesley Hodgson, Miss Lynne Lazarus, Mr. David Muller.



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KRIESLER 'TransMantel'

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Just turn on "TransMantel," and instantly there's music or speech of glorious purity and power for your enjoyment—anywhere, everywhere—it's transportable! The first all-family transistor radio!

HEAR the multi-vented Acoustic Dial project entirely new sound quality from the "Music-shell" cabinet and 6" speaker—the very instant you switch on! Hear how "TransMantel" brings in interstate stations—increases your radio entertainment.

SEE the king-size dial—90% of the frontal area—with every Australian station clearly listed... just tune to your favourite station, and the sound actually comes from the multi-vented dial itself. Plus press-button dial light and battery-check indicator. See this 1962 fashion styling, with 2-tone colours and genuine gold trim.

FEEL how easily the "Flip-top" handle pops up for easy transportation—clicks back "invisibly" when not in use. Feel how light, compact and easy it is to carry anywhere—created from "A.B.S." material and indestructible under normal use!

ECONOMY—Plays over 1,000 hours (probably a full year's entertainment) from one compact in-built battery—costing only shillings to replace. As cheap to run as a power-point radio, but many times more useful.

... THE NEW ALL-PURPOSE RADIO
Here's real room-to-room or outdoor portability—the most useful radio ever. No power cord, no aerial—it's completely self-contained... frees power points for lamps, appliances, TV. Plays anywhere with complete electrical safety—even in bathrooms and laundries. It's the one radio that all the family can enjoy—anywhere, anytime!

ONLY 30 GNS.
with choice of four fashion colours. All good retailers have it!

Transportable, with instant **FLIP-TOP HANDLE!**
"Invisible" when not in use.



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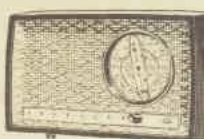


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TM6-142

Worth Reporting

WITH time on our hands, literally, we were at an exhibition of the most fantastic and luxurious Swiss watches ever to tell the time of day in Sydney.

Mr. C. Pilet, of the Piaget Company (watch and jewellery craftsmen), brought 500 of the world's most extravagant and beautiful timepieces to Australia (one leg of a round-the-world tour). Collectively, they are worth more than £100,000.

The Mahdom Trading Company is the agent handling sales of the watches in Australia.

The watches are fabulous, exciting, glamorous, valuable. But, we mused, NOT having a watch at all is a great conversation piece. Many a romance has started by asking someone the time, please...

"I should think," someone said, however, "that a watch worth £4000 would be icebreaker enough."



PENDANT WATCH set in American gold coin, studded with diamonds, costs a mere £4000.

WE had heard of chicken in eggs and chicken in the basket, but in Malaya they serve a chicken in the coconut.

It has to be a small chicken, as the chef from one of Sydney's Indonesian restaurants suggested, otherwise it just wouldn't fit.

First, take a coconut and cut it in half. Scoop out the white flesh and grate it. Now roll the boiled chicken in the grated coconut and put it under the grill to brown.

Serve the chicken in the coconut halves, decorated appropriately. Try chilli sauce and rice.



ENGLISH Robinson Crusoes, Mrs. Stanbury, husband Bernard, and dog, Sherwood.



Mrs. Crusoe, 1962

GEORGE III and family... touching display from the past.

WHAT would you take with you to a desert island? It's an old question, but still can lead to fascinating conversation.

English housewife Sally Stanbury is making that decision in earnest.

Mrs. Stanbury and her husband hope to lead 20 other couples to a new life on an island 70 miles off the Queensland coast late this year.

She's found that she needs just seven things to make the island "home."

"My first and favorite choice," she said, "is our bed. When we married it was the one thing we splashed our money on. It's very big and comfortable."

"Then I must have our dog, Sherwood. He's a long-haired dachshund."

"And then there's a little pottery dachshund we're fond of, and a lovely Chinese vase my father gave us."

"We've agreed that we must have a small album of family photographs."

"And I want to take a few good pictures that we have."

"Last of all, I'd like to take two very nice dresses—something a bit out of the ordinary so as to feel a bit dressy on Saturday evenings."

"I honestly can't think of anything else I'd need," Mrs. Stanbury added. "If I have these things and my husband—then I'll have a home."

Royal family group

IF you are planning a trip to London, don't forget to visit the gallery at Buckingham Palace where the Royal treasures are now on show.

The gallery was recently opened by the Queen, who has always wanted the Royal collections to be seen by a wider public.

You will see many antiquities, famous paintings, priceless jewels.

One display may well start a new fashion in family photographs.

Fifteen oval portraits of George III's family are hung together to form one large group.

"George was a great family man," Sir James Mann (Surveyor of the Queen's Works of Art) said recently. "He was very fond of his children. They were not all attractive, but he did love them."

The portraits (the Duke of York and the then unborn Princess Amelia are missing) were painted at Windsor in 1782 by Thomas Gainsborough.

They are arranged according to Gainsborough's own instructions when he sent them to the Royal Academy. He wrote:

"I would beg to have them hung with frames touching each other in this order."

The chairs below the portrait are of engraved ivory in a Hindu version of the English Chippendale style, and were made in Madras in 1770. The jewellery cabinet was made in 1761.

IN the Bay of Plenty district, New Zealand, there's a fisherman who has developed a small submarine fitted with an alarm clock. The sub is driven to sea by a 12-volt battery and an electric-fan motor.

When the alarm goes off a sinker cuts off power from the battery and the fishing line drops into the water.

Big chief was a bad boy yesterday!



But today he's **HAPPY AND WELL THE LAXETTE WAY**

When your child is crabby, naughty or nery, it may be constipation, that's upset his normal happy nature. Aren't you glad you can make him happy and well overnight—the Laxette way? Get Laxettes today; tiny squares of nice-to-take milk chocolate—each containing a gentle, tasteless laxative. Made specially for children.

3/-



IS YOUR BABY WORTH 4/10

Yes, that's all it costs for a month's supply of Curlypet. Read Mrs. K. Mitchell's glowing tribute to Curlypet...
"Enclosed a photo of Glenda whose curly hair is the result of Curlypet. I want to express my thanks for Curlypet, as Glenda was all those beautiful curls to Curlypet."
To soothe scalp irritations, to promote healthy hair growth and to give your baby a head of curls everyone will love, start using Curlypet TO-DAY!
Makes baby's hair truly curly.

Curlypet

Have Lovely Shapely Nails

Envious of friends with well-groomed fingernails? You can have lovely nails, too, with Nailoid nail beauty cream. Nailoid is a nourishing nail food. Helps nails grow strong from tip to root—from top layer to bottom layer. Apply Nailoid for less than 2 minutes each day. When your nails have fully grown (about 14 weeks) you'll have beauty at your fingertips! Outlets will be shapely and nails pliant, pretty and stain-free. Ask for the free informative folder, "Nail Care with Nailoid," when you buy Nailoid in the dainty compact at chemists and leading stores. Only 6/-. Free trial offer! Write to: Anne Bryde, Department W.S. Paige Pty. Ltd., 121 Cremorne Street, Richmond, Vic. for generous sample of Nailoid and free nail care hints.

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**Wildflowers and all-Australian
menu for VIP guests at...**

Party for yacht Gretel



HOSTS Sir Howard Beale, Australian Ambassador to the U.S., and Lady Beale.

AN unseen string quartet sawing away sedately at Mozart will suddenly desist. Three-hundred - and - fifty spoons conveying exotic passionfruit to the most elegant mouths in the U.S.A. — including those of President and Mrs. Kennedy — will pause in mid-flight.

Then Rolf Harris, or some other dinkum-type

imported for the occasion, will proceed to shatter the crystal atmosphere in the rococo great hall of the former Vanderbilt mansion with the raucous shout: "Tie me kangaroo down, sport" accompanied on the wobble board, of course.

This is the present plan of Sir Howard Beale, Australian Ambassador to the U.S., and Lady Beale. Representing the Aus-

tralian people — and with the probable assistance of the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, and Dame Pattie Menzies — they will wine and dine 350 of America's crustiest upper crust at "The Breakers," Newport, Rhode Island, on the eve of Gretel's America's Cup challenge, starting Saturday, September 15.

As a social event, "The Breakers" dinner will be a world-stopper, with one of the most exclusive guest lists of the season. Not even Stan Berman, the virtuoso gate-crasher from Brooklyn, is expected to make it.

Guest-pruning

Before they issue the official invitations, the Beales will have to whittle to 350 their present list of 1300, which in turn evolved from an earlier list of several thousand of Australia's indispensable friends in America.

Almost everything for the dinner will be flown, via Qantas, from Australia. Each table (apart from the long dais, there will be 30-odd tables seating 10 persons each) will have a floral centrepiece of Australian wildflowers — waratahs, brown and pink boronia,

bottlebrush, and flannel flowers.

The all-Australian menu will be:

Queensland Turtle Soup
Roast Riverina Lamb with Mint Sauce
Dandenong Tomato Pie
Ice Cream with Passionfruit Topping
New Guinea Coffee

There will be sherry, riesling, and claret from the N.S.W. Hunter Valley and South Australia.

Arriving guests will leave their coats and freshen up in two charming salons at right and left of the foyer. They will proceed thence, by way of the library, to the South Hall and reception line.

Availing themselves of

"THE BREAKERS," former Newport home of the Vanderbilts, where the Australian party will be given on September 14.

sherry, they may then stroll into several downstairs rooms of grand aspect to admire the Italian marbles, French tapestries, and Ravenna mosaics.

Sorting out Vanderbilts long gone, but preserved in oils and marble, will provide an interesting diversion until dinner.

President Kennedy is scheduled to propose the toast to Gretel and the Australian challengers. The respondent may be either Mr. Menzies or a representative of the Challenge Association.

The entire event will be recorded for television by

motion-picture camera crews and still photographers lurking in the wings with tele-copic lenses.

Whether the 11 men of Gretel's crew will attend the dinner is still problematical. Those actually scheduled to sail the next day may turn in early at their hotel, Castle Hill, after enjoying Spin-naker Steak à la Gretel.

This is a special dish created by Mrs. Peggy Britz, the Castle Hill cook.

She takes a two-inch sirloin steak, cuts a pocket in it, and stuffs it with kidneys and mushrooms sautéed in red wine.



VIP GUESTS. President and Mrs. Kennedy.

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health this winter**

**Follow the
Rexall
3 Point
Plan !**

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with REXALL TRIPLE ACTION COUGH MIXTURE or REXALL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE. Raspberry flavoured Children's Cough Mixture is completely safe - brings fast relief. For adults, Triple Action Cough Mixture soothes irritation, penetrates rapidly, relieves congestion.



2

RELIEVE NASAL CONGESTION

with REXALL EFREX NASAL SPRAY. Contains powerful decongestant that quickly relieves stuffiness - PLUS a modern, effective germicide to help prevent infection.



3

BUILD RESISTANCE TO WINTER ILLS

with SUPER PLENAMINS. Just one of these multi-vitamin and mineral tablets daily helps rebuild essential vitamin balance - restores good health - ensures new vitality!



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Protect your family's health with RELIABLE **Rexall** PRODUCTS

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Norway sardines are packed close and whole in every tin, surrounded by the best quality pure natural or olive oils. (And no Norway sardine has a fish scale either.) Every tin of Norway sardines carries the name **NORWAY** clearly marked. Tin sizes range from the small 1½ oz. can which holds a single serve to the large 3½ oz. tin for family sized meals.

For tastiest winter snacks and TV meals **NORWAY SARDINES**

WHY DO NORWAY SARDINES TASTE SO MUCH BETTER?

Look for this emblem of the Norwegian Cannermen's Association — it is on many tins of Norway sardines.



From icy Norwegian fjords, richest coldest waters in the world! Smoked over spicy oakwood fires! That's the secret of the delicious flavour that only Norway sardines have. There's nothing nicer on cold winter evenings, than hot snacks prepared in minutes with these tasty Norway sardines. Serve them for supper tonight! Try these new recipes...

HOT SNACK PLATTER

- 1. Norway Sardine-Egg Savoury** — Combine a (3½ oz.) can Norway Sardines, 2 hard boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste. Pile on toast or toasted cocktail crumpets and brown in oven or heat under grill.
- 2. Norway Sardines Bomba** — Combine ½ cup crushed cereal crumbs with 1 level teaspoon Curry Powder. Drain oil from a (3½ oz.) can Norway Sardines and roll in crumbs. Arrange a slice of tomato on hot toast and 3 sardines on top of each tomato. Bake in hot oven or toast under grill.

- 3. Norway Sardine Open-Face Snack** — Toast bread, top with tomato slice then sardines, season with salt and pepper. Top with mayonnaise. Place under grill, heat gently until mayonnaise bubbles.

- 4. Toasted Norway Sardine Sandwiches** — Butter bread on both sides. Put slice of cheese on bread, place sardines over cheese and cover with remaining cheese bread slice. Toast under grill until golden brown.

- 5. Eggs and Norway Sardines on Toast** — Pile scrambled eggs on toast and top with Norway Sardines, garnish with olives.

INSIST . . . INSIST ON NORWAY SARDINES

A CAT HITS THE TV JACKPOT

● Never begrudge your cat the top of the milk or the best meal of liver you can buy—he might, if you are clever, turn into a highly paid TV star.

"RHUBARB" is American TV's most famous cat actor. He's a big, striped ginger tom and earns 100 dollars (about £A50) a day.

He's the only cat to win two "Patsy" awards, the animal equivalent of an Emmy.

At 12 years of age, Rhubarb's big speciality is to yowl on cue, one of those blood-curdling cat yowls that are second to none in startling power.

Recently during the filming of a "Bonanza" episode, Ross Cartwright crept inside a darkened barn looking for trouble.

Suddenly, Rhubarb's owner-trainer, Glenn Smith, gave a gentle tug on an almost invisible wire and triggered a cat howl that made Ross jump three feet.

"Any cat will snarl and yell if you pull its tail hard," Smith said, "but Rhubarb is the only cat I know of trained to scream on cue. It took years of work to make him yowl and years more to make him do it just right."

"I tie a long piece of thread to his tail and when the director gives me the nod I give it a barely perceptible tug and Rhubarb screams as if I was beheading him."

"I can guarantee I've never hurt him. The tug is not so much a tug as a signal we've worked out."

Rhubarb has made Glenn Smith a very rich man. He estimates that in the past eight years Rhubarb has earned 200,000 dollars (about £A100,000) for him.

Rhubarb has no less than nine doubles, all big ginger cats which Smith provides free on the set.

"All of them are actors," Smith said. "All trained to do certain jobs, but they're not as good as Rhubarb."

Rhubarb certainly is good. He has been called upon in his successful career to frighten a Western gunman in "Rawhide," to warn of a fire in "Dick Powell's Mystery Theatre," and to find a dead body in an episode of "77 Sunset Strip."

It became a bad word

THE most fascinating intelligence from America I've read of in a long, long time is that "peace" has become a dirty word there on TV.

Famous TV personality Scout Garroway, of America's giant C.B.S. network,



● He's rich and famous—"Rhubarb," the TV cat actor with (lower right) his owner-trainer, Glenn Smith, and a female admirer.

was the man who denounced "peace."

He always previously signed off his programmes with an upraised palm and the roundly pronounced benediction, "Peace!" But on July 17 he announced to millions of C.B.S. viewers that he would never again use "Peace" as a farewell word.

He explained that peace had been mis-used so much it had lost its original meaning. His new message: "Courage! C-O-U-R-A-G-E."

I hope this American trend doesn't spread here. Just think of Mr. Chuck Faulkner exhorting us in his farewells to "Be Brave!"

Education as entertainment

CHRIS PARSONS, a B.B.C. producer from the Natural History Division of the B.B.C., who recently visited Australia, surprised me when he said he thought the "university" programmes on Australian TV were bad.

"They were so dull," he said. "We simply couldn't get away with such programmes on the B.B.C."

"Education doesn't have to be dull."

Having seen the latest A.B.C.-TV University of the Air, "Man in the Making," made by the B.B.C., I know what Mr. Parsons meant.

They are both entertaining and informative. The first in the series, "First Steps," dealt with the development of the brain and the changes brought about as it matures.

It sounds heavy, hard to understand, and dull for lay viewers, but it was illus-

trated with the most appealing films made by a famous psychologist. These showed the development of the brain through the development of a baby.

One of them showed his first movements, his progress from moving and turning and "swimming" on the floor, to crawling and walking. As well there were interesting diagrams and talks about laboratory work.

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star — poor

★ GUNS IN THE AFTERNOON

In the capable hands of saddle favorites Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea, and ably supported by a well-drawn bunch of hillbilly louts, lurid "diggings" floosies, and appealing Mariette Hartley as an innocent farm girl, the characters in this Western are more interesting than the plot. — Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . .

TIME-FILLER.

MARINES, LET'S GO!

Some stiff acting and a loosely constructed plot. A group of U.S. Marines go into action at the Korean front and on leave in Tokio. "Let's Go McCaffrey" (David Hedison) sets the blistering pace for their tedious exploits, a confusion of sparkless shenanigans. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . .

TEDIOUS.

"Two Of a Kind," the second in the series, dealt with those interesting human beings, identical twins.

Identical twins give the scientist a unique method of studying the relative effects of heredity and environment on the development of the individual.

Two 15-year-old girls, identical twins, adopted by different parents and sent to separate homes soon after birth, appear on the programme.

The girls "found" each other when they went to school at five and have been "best friends" ever since.

Having seen the Australian version of TV university education classes on A.B.C. and Channel 9, and also Frank Capra's documentary series on the same level recently, I'll settle for the B.B.C. variety.

They are adult, interesting TV, without dull, tedious lecturing or the archness and cartoon characters of the Capra variety.

★ ★ ★

THINGS I could do without: bright-eyed Bruce Webster's coy remarks: "This is A.B.C.-TV — two's company!" and top horror: "This is A.B.C. Telly."

Mr. Webster is the first Australian I've heard call it by that English diminutive, "Telly"; most Australians prefer the more austere TeeVee.

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at Bata's famous price



59/11

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READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 22, 1962

SPRING - SUMMER

● The spring-summer designs in this pattern section are all in tune with current fashion. Drafting and detailing of each pattern have been worked out by an expert for easy sewing. Included in the section are designs for all occasions. The fashions are Paris - designed and are exclusive to us.

Continued overleaf

HOW TO ORDER

Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Be sure to state pattern number and the size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



7606. — Shapely one-piece is self-belted and fringe-trimmed. The pattern is for sleeves above and below the elbow. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material for short-sleeved design and 2½ yds. 54in. material for long-sleeved design. Fringe trim, 1yd. Price 3/9.



7604. — Bare-armed one-piece (left) designed with a flattering turn-over collar and easy skirt fullness. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



7621. — Prettily styled party dress (right) designed with fichu neckline and interesting skirt fullness. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 42in. material. Price 3/9.



PATTERN SECTION



7600. — Easy-fit classic suit-blouse ensemble (left). Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material for suit and 2½ yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price 4/.

7609. — Feminine day - into - night cummerbund dress (right). Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material and ¾ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.



7610. — One - piece (far right) shaped in the new spring mood. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ¾ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.



7603. — Sheath dress (left). The pattern is for sleeves above and below the elbow. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material for short - sleeved design and 3½ yds. 36in. material for long-sleeved design. Price 3/9.

7601. — One - piece (right) finished with a soft scarf collar. The pattern is for sleeves above and below the elbow. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material for short-sleeved design and 4½ yds. 36in. material for long-sleeved design. Price 3/9.



These lovely nylons need
special washing care -
... LUX care!



Exquisite nylon bouffant slip by Osti and 5-way bra by Hickory

How to keep fine nylons lovely longer

There's just one sure way — that's Lux! The reason's simple. Lux is all pure soap, gentle to the last flake. A swift squeeze in creamy Lux suds after every wearing keeps your stockings strong and stretchy, so much longer-lasting. That's why it's always wise to wash stockings and all your fine things (those you machine-wash, too!) in safe gentle Lux suds.

If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux



U.507.WW143

PATTERN SECTION (continued)

● The four designs on this page are all bargains in chic; all can be made from an easy-to-follow pattern. Address orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

7687 — Slender-line two-piece (right) in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

7688 — Sleeveless low-belted one-piece (far right) in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



7597 — Maternity pants and contrasting tunic top (below) in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: Tunic top, 1½yds. 36in. material; pants, 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



7595 — New-style bracer skirt (above) designed with a prettily flared skirtline. Sizes: Waist, 25, 27, 29, and 31in.; hips, 36, 38, 40, and 42in. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



PATTERN
SECTION (Cont.)

FIVE SPECIALS



7611.—A flutter of pleats enhances the sleeveless, belted one-piece (left). Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material for machine pleating. Pattern price 3/9.

7608. — Elegant one-piece (below). The pattern is for sleeves above and below the elbow. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material for short sleeves and 2½yds. 54in. material for long-sleeved design, plus ¾yd. 36in. contrast for collar. Price 3/9.



7607.—This current two-piece is designed with a short-sleeved, belted dress and matching self-tied jacket. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 4/.



7602. — Classic suit (left). The pattern includes short and below-elbow sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material for suit with long sleeves and 3¼yds. for suit with short sleeves, plus ¾yd. 36in. contrast material for collar. Price 3/9.



7605. — Fitted sheath (right) designed with a sleeveless bodice-top and dropped waistline. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. braid trim. Price 3/9.

the precious
look of
springtime



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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Next generation . . .

DURING the war my husband was admitted, seriously wounded, to hospital in the Philippines. He and the English girl who nursed him back to life grew quite fond of each other. But when he returned home they each went their separate ways—and married. Our eldest son joined the Air Force in Sydney and later became engaged. We flew across for the wedding, and there, to our delight and my husband's amazement, the same nurse was our son's future mother-in-law! She had migrated to Sydney soon after the war.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Sweetman, Buton, W.A.

Doubts about dummies

A MOTHER of five children, I've always been against babies' dummies, but lately have begun to doubt. My first two babies presented no problem, but number three sucked his fingers from his first day and now—at the age of seven—still does. Number four put his fists together and sucked both thumbs when going to sleep, but this stopped at three years. Number five (now three) not only sucks her thumb but her cot-cover. Wouldn't it have been better to let her have a dummy?

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Lonsdale, Oyster Bay, N.S.W.

Mis-using armchairs

THE owner of a lounge suite, the chairs of which have very wide arm-rests, I am constantly irritated by the way most of my visitors perch on the arm-rests instead of sitting like ladies and gentlemen in the manner for which the chairs were designed. The result is that the chairs are going out of shape.

£1/1/- to Miss J. G. Duff, Carnegie, Vic.

Practical gifts for children

EACH Christmas and birthday I give my grandchildren a cup, saucer, and plate (which they put away) until they have half a dozen. I then start on cutlery—a few items at a time. Even the two-year-old is proud of her china. Such gifts are more lasting than toys.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Bruce, Maroochydore, Qld.

Those British dialects

I WAS surprised to read of a Lancashire woman being so ashamed of her accent—and that county has lovely ones—that she took elocution lessons here to lose it. Why should only the Oxford and London dialects be acceptable English accents? Let us encourage all British voices.

£1/1/- to Mr. J. G. Burlison, North Clayton, Vic.

Honeymoon blues

I HAD a similar experience to "Still Laughing" (N.S.W.), who referred to her husband as her boyfriend on their honeymoon. But mine was embarrassing. We were married during the war when my husband was on leave and in uniform. Ordering breakfast one morning at the hotel, my husband said, "Miss X will have eggs and bacon and I will have steak and eggs." Was my face red!

£1/1/- to "Jo" (name supplied), Trevallyn, Tas.

IMAGINE my horror when, on our honeymoon, my husband and I met one of his oldest friends as we came out of our room and he introduced me by my maiden name.

£1/1/- to "Un-nerved" (name supplied), Woomera, S.A.

AFTER giving all necessary details when opening a joint cheque account, I was asked for a specimen signature. When I presented it to the teller he gave me a strange look and returned it. I had signed my maiden name. Nothing unusual? I had been married almost two years and was pregnant.

£1/1/- to "Red-Faced" (name supplied), North Cronulla, N.S.W.

WHEN married one week and on our honeymoon I inquired at the local post office if there was a letter for Miss Norris. The answer was "no," and, expecting one, I left very surprised. It was only when I discussed the matter with my husband that it occurred to me what I'd done. Feeling very sheepish, I returned and asked if there was a letter for Mrs. Smith.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Smith, Moonce Ponds, Vic.

SHORTLY before our wedding my husband-to-be went to a tourist bureau to book our honeymoon accommodation. A small queue formed behind him as he selected a suitable hotel. The double booked and deposit paid, in reply to "What name?" he gave: "Mr. Perren and Miss Atterbury."

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Perren, Blackburn, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

ARE girl fashion models too pretty?

A woman wrote to this magazine complaining that they are. Their gorgeous looks distract attention from the clothes they display, she said.

The complaining lady has a good case, I think. Certainly men are more inclined to look at the girls than the clothes—or soap flakes or insect powder—which they are trying to sell.

Pretty girls are becoming a powerful pressure group today. They have never been more numerous. You see their faces everywhere—on magazines, hoardings, TV screens. They have a finger in every pie and in every cake and custard on TV, too.

It is about time the other girls got some of the limelight. I mean the ones who are not raving beauties. They hardly ever get their pictures in the papers now, unless they become engaged, or are "Miss So-and-So, who witnessed the smash-and-grab raid."

Yet they might make better mannequins than the traffic-stoppers. I mentioned the subject to a woman

MODEL PLAINS

who runs a dress shop. She said: "Yes, we could do with some plainer girls. The Cleopatra types are all very well, but they don't give a woman much idea how a dress will look on her. Someone ought to start a school for nondescript mannequins."



This is a novel idea, but it could be put into practice. I can picture such an establishment, known as the Humdrum School of Modelling. The principal, Mrs. Wallop, is an XXXOS woman wearing very little make-up.

A beautiful girl named Monica McCurve comes in and says she

would like to enrol. Mrs. Wallop looks at her critically.

"And why do you want to join our school, Monica?"

"I've always wanted to be a fashion model, Mrs. Wallop. But everyone tells me I'm too good-looking. I thought you might be able to take some of the glamor away from me."

"Humm, it may be a difficult job. What are your statistics?"

"36-24-36."

"I was afraid so. Much too shapely and seductive. Still, we can put you on our potato diet. Your hair is unsuitable, too. There's nothing worse than a natural blonde for distracting people's attention from clothes. But Miss Blear, our beautician, may be able to fix that."

"I'm so glad you're going to give me a chance, Mrs. Wallop. I promise I'll do my best to become ill-groomed and learn poor deportment."

"That's the spirit, Monica. It won't be easy. But after our three-month course you'll be the kind of girl nobody would look at twice..."

But will this sort of thing happen? I doubt it. The pretty girls are too well dug in.



Concluding instalment
of our amusing serial
By PAUL GALlico

SCRUFFY

JOHN LOVEJOY, now promoted to Sergeant, had been considering his forthcoming nuptials with what might be described as mixed emotions. He had plenty of time alone in the barracks to reflect upon the meaning of such a step and the effect it would have upon his life. He was aware that something stronger than himself had willed that he should spend the rest of his days with this agreeable, pleasant, and sweet-tempered woman. The Sergeant didn't argue with this.

It was only that for a man who had spent twenty-five years of his life as a soldier and a bachelor, the price was a little steep. No more Monkey Juice, no more drinks of any kind; no more standing up against a mahogany bar with the comfortable feeling of a glass in the fingers, a glow in the stomach, and a fluency to the tongue.

Lovejoy felt no qualms of conscience at the idea he was contemplating of enjoying one final bang-up party. He was entitled to it both as a bachelor about to embark on a matrimonial voyage and as a man bidding farewell to spirits. The calamity that befell him was that he found it incumbent upon him to take leave of each one individually.

And the sad thing was that it happened not on the evening that Sergeant Lovejoy had intended it should, which was before the day when he would present himself with his bride-to-be to the Chaplain and which he had set aside for just this purpose with three of his best friends and drinking companions in the regiment, but several nights previous, and shamefully alone in the Admiral Nelson with none other than Treugang Ramirez.

Sheer chance, coupled with the dogged persistence with which Treugang Ramirez had clung to Sergeant Lovejoy as a course of information about the apes, paid off in the most unexpected manner and gave the little home-grown saboteur his long-awaited opportunity to deal the death blow to the morale of the British garrison as well as the civilians marooned on the Rock.

For the secret that there were now but two apes left, that all efforts to import them in quantity from Africa had failed, and that the British were pinning their hopes on one obstreperous, cantankerous, and obstructionist monkey mating with a total stranger he had not laid eyes upon up to a fortnight before, had remained a secret indeed.

The two intelligence officers, Major McPherson and Clyde, had done a highly creditable job in tightening up security where the apes were concerned and putting forth counter-propaganda. Since the construction of Tim's cages by the apes' village and the closing of the area by troops, no one could get close enough to verify how many apes there were.

Thus, the source of information upon which the German propaganda machine was relying from inside the Rock was dried up. Their broadcasts continued in the same vein, but lacked the venom, bounce, and conviction of the earlier ones. Counter-propaganda put out by Clyde, McPherson and Co. had the ape pack flourishing again and breeding normally, and these fables were generally accepted on the Rock, but the situation was tenuous in the extreme.

What they needed was a bona fide ape birth on the Rock with the publication of an equally bona fide photo-

graph of mother and child. Bluff wouldn't do in this instance, Major Clyde recognised. It had to be the real thing. Major Clyde was certain that if he could produce this birth upon the Rock, a genuine one, genuinely substantiated, the Germans would cease to credit their own propaganda and would begin to believe his. The campaign would be considered a failure; the agents who could be better used in other projects would be called in and the funds cut off.

Within three months, thus unhampered, the British would be able to instigate an ape hunt in Africa and within a short time begin the importing of macaques in fresh numbers to avert not only the immediate danger but to satisfy any nosy-parker questioners in Parliament as well.

Thus while there was still a gleam of hope that it might work before it was too late, it was wholly unforeseen misfortune that Sergeant Lovejoy should drop into the Admiral Nelson at a time when it was usually deserted, ten o'clock in the evening, to find Treugang Ramirez lurking there nursing a beer. It had been a continuing ten-day lurk for Ramirez, always waiting, always hoping, for Lovejoy had not visited his favorite pub, or any other pub for that matter, ever since he had arrived back at the Rock with Miss Constance Boddy and Amelia.

Nor was there any backsliding or mischief inherent in the visit of Lovejoy. He had not come to sneak a drink but to have a word with the proprietor as to the bachelor party and farewell to spirits he intended to stage two nights hence. But with a sense of tact and fitness newly acquired since his association with Miss Boddy he had no intention of being caught falling down drunk in the public bar, and so had come to engage a private room for himself and three of his regular cronies where they could enjoy their evening away from prying eyes.

At the entrance of the Sergeant, Ramirez had to look twice to make sure that it was the same man, for it was not the old Gunner Lovejoy who had entered but a brand-new Sergeant Lovejoy.

But once he had taken in the apparition it didn't take Treugang long to twig. "Sergeant," he cried, "Sergeant Lovejoy. What a surprise! You have been promoted! Have I not always said you deserved it? Congratulations, oh, a thousand congratulations!"

"Oh," grunted Sergeant Lovejoy, "it's you," then to the barman, "Boss in, Joe?"

The barman paused only long enough in his eternal polishing of the bar to reply, "Back in half an hour. Had to see a man."

Sergeant Lovejoy consulted his watch. It had just gone ten. Then ten-thirty or shortly after would see him in plenty of time to discharge an errand or two and drive up to Ferdinand's Battery to take over the midnight to eight watch over the non-goings-on between Scruffy and Amelia. He and Major Bailey had a thorough understanding as to the importance of the operation, but didn't fuss over the matter of a few minutes. Tim departed promptly at the stroke of midnight. Lovejoy arrived simultaneously or a minute or so later. Several times their

To page 44



HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE

by Anne Bryant
HAIR BEAUTY ADVISOR

For some strange reason, some women still jib at the thought of having their hair coloured. Maybe it's because their Grannies said that ladies who 'dye' their hair were not quite nice. In those days, that may possibly have been true, but it isn't so any more. Now, Grannies don't look like Grannies — and good luck to them!

Trend to permanent colour. According to overseas forecasts, the trend towards hair colour as an essential cosmetic is spiralling up and up, and swinging more and more towards the use of permanent tints — even for women without a grey hair in their heads! Fashion-conscious femmes now want more than simply an intensification of their natural colour — they are eager for a complete change — they are ready for variety which, as we all know, is the spice of life. And, speaking of spice, I must mention here the glorious L'Oreal of Paris Tintette browns — warm shades, full of life and richness, which capture all the subtlety of spices in colour. You'll just love the glowing tones of Tintette Light Chestnut, Dark Brown Auburn and Darkest Brown, three of the twelve true-to-nature Tintette colours which range from Light Blonde right through to Jet Black.

Tintette can do so many things! Want to match your natural hair shade and blend in the greys with never a whisper of difference? Want to lighten your hair a shade or two? Darken it? Make a complete colour change? You can do any of these things with L'Oreal of Paris Tintette, the gentle liquid creme colouring which you can use in the privacy of your own bathroom. Easily, quickly, safely and permanently, you can transform drab dullness to shining new beauty.

Say goodbye to tell-tale grey! The very first thing which betrays age is grey hair and, let's face it, we all have a secret desire to stay young-looking. And so we should! If you're a career woman, a smart, youthful appearance will contribute to your success... if you're a housewife, your husband will preen himself when people pay you compliments... whatever you are, looking younger will make you happier and add to your poise, your

confidence, your personality. Grey hairs are a give-away, so banish them with L'Oreal of Paris Tintette — permanently and forever.

Worried about a 'dye' look? Old-fashioned hair dyes looked heavy and artificial, but Tintette, because its clear, shining colour penetrates deep into the hair shaft, looks so natural that no one will realise what has happened to you — they'll just notice how much younger and prettier you look.

Complete hair beauty treatment. There's a special reason why Tintette gives such translucent, natural, living colour to your hair — it is not just a hair colouring, it is a complete hair beauty treatment. Every time you use Tintette you pamper it with wonderful vitalising and nourishing ingredients which make it glossy, healthy and manageable — and leave it in perfect condition.

Have no fears! Even if you've never done anything more than shampoo your hair, you will be able to use Tintette. And if there should be an interruption before you rinse it off, don't panic, because Tintette contains a completely automatic colour controlling agent which works like a stopwatch. No matter how long Tintette is left on your hair, the colour cannot become darker, or brighter, or change in any way at all.

Always use a soapless shampoo. With any type of hair colouring, it is vitally important that you should use a soapless shampoo, so I suggest that you keep your hair in good condition by always using L'Oreal Shampoo, which is made to the original French formula and guaranteed soapless. L'Oreal Shampoo is a time-saver too, because it's a one-lather shampoo.

Free advisory service. If you have any queries at all about hair colouring, why not write me about them? And enclose a 2 inch snippit of hair for personal guidance on the Tintette shade you should use.

Anne Bryant

Marigny/L'Oreal Advisory Bureau, 4th Floor, 177 Collins Street, Melbourne.

MA.1

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Page 29

This was such a momentous meeting that they were completely oblivious to those around them . . . a romantic short story

By FRANCIS PRICE

IT was exactly two minutes before seven—as it always was—when Gabrielle eased her formidable bulk into the high chair at the end of the bar where she presided over the cash, tobacco, and stamps directly, and the whole destiny of the Cafe de Grenelle indirectly. In the street outside, Victor had already folded back the shutters, and at precisely seven o'clock the metal door rolled up, accompanied—as it almost always was—by the sinister clanging which indicated that Rene had once again neglected its weekly dosage of oil.

Gabrielle frowned slightly, then resolutely thrust the matter aside, to be considered later. This was her favorite time of day, and it must not be spoiled by unworthy thoughts.

With a little sigh of contentment she turned her attention to the street. Victor had almost finished with washing down and sweeping the narrow sidewalk, and Gabrielle watched him breathlessly. Shortly now he would pause, turn his broad back to the door, plant his fists solidly on his hips, and survey the length of the rue de Grenelle, first to the left, across the corner of the rue du Bac, and then to the right.

After sixteen years of careful study Gabrielle could tell from the smallest sign—a mere shifting of stance, the flick of a shoulder muscle, or the slight twitching in the left ear—whether anything of interest or importance had occurred since the metal door rolled down at midnight of the night before.

It was clear, however, that nothing of interest was taking place this morning. Victor's back was as motionless as the onion dome of Sacre Coeur, which, indeed, it vaguely resembled. Gabrielle lifted one shoulder slightly, in Gallic resignation, and struggled down from her chair to draw a cup of coffee for herself and pour a glass of red wine for Victor.

"Jour, Gaby," Victor said.

"Jour, Victor." She handed him the glass of wine and they shook hands solemnly, as they had every morning except Mondays for sixteen years.

Gabrielle had often stated that, without the help of Victor, she could never have continued the direction of the Cafe de Grenelle after the death of her husband, Jules; but it was a remark that had caused eyebrows to soar throughout the neighborhood, since it was a matter of fairly general agreement that, left entirely to her own devices, she could have directed the Second Battle of the Marne.

CAFE DE GRENNELLE

The analogy was not, in fact, inept. There was something very uniform-like about the drab, black tent in which she encased her imposing proportions, and more often than not her steel-grey eyes held a distinctly martial glint; but this was just one aspect of a many-sided character.

The few people who knew her really well recognised the depth of the emotions concealed beneath this monumental exterior, and bore frequent witness to her passionate involvement in human problems. Victor, who knew her best, had another term for it, but he knew what they were talking about.

It was not that she really liked to interfere in the affairs of others; it was simply that there were moments when something deep within her told her that she was far better equipped to bring a given matter to a desirable conclusion than those directly concerned in it. Victor was as sensitive to such signs in her as she was to the twitching in his left ear.

It was thus with no small degree of alarm that he observed her, somewhat later on this particular morning, sitting on the high chair in her little glass-enclosed cash desk chewing on the butt end of a pencil and staring thoughtfully at the door through which an enchanting young lady whom Victor knew only as Mlle Julie had just departed. It was a sign whose implications were clear, and terrifying.

As surely as if the phrase had already been spoken Victor knew what was coming next, and when Gabrielle said, "I'm worried about that girl," he was prepared. Long experience had taught him that clear-cut opposition was fatal; the only tactic with any hope of success was indifference.

Accordingly, he shrugged. "She seems a nice enough girl—and very pretty, too. What is there to worry about?"

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he realised his mistake. Gabrielle pounced on the question mark like a hungry lioness. "You mean you have noticed nothing unusual about her recently?"

"Of course not," Victor said irritably. "She comes in often in the morning for coffee, and at night, sometimes, to write a letter. What is unusual about that?"

"Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday," Gabrielle gave each syllable the emphasis due to indisputable fact. "Until two weeks ago. Just Tuesday and Wednesday now. She has stopped writing to her young man."

"And how do you know that?"

"How could I avoid knowing? Does she not buy the stamp from me every Friday and place it on the envelope not two feet from my eyes—addressed to Monsieur Marcel Driant, at 31 rue Coligny, La Rochelle?"

"That proves nothing, except that you are romancing again. You don't even know who the fellow is."

"He is her childhood sweetheart," Gabrielle said calmly. "Of that there can be no doubt. The letter of Tuesday is to her father, Dr. Albert Valentin—her name is Valentin—at No. 33 rue Coligny. Her mother must be dead, poor child, since the letter is addressed just to the father. But remark the No. 33. Next door to the house of this Marcel! And if that is not enough, she has written to him every Friday since she has been in Paris—over four months now—until two weeks ago. Something has happened—and I ask myself what it can be."

"Perhaps," Victor said, "it is just that she has observed how well you read upside down and now writes to him at home."

Gabrielle ignored the insult. "No," she said, "she never writes letters at home. Her room is too cold."

Victor simply stared at her, dumbfounded. Standing behind his shining bar, backed by the splendid new espresso machine and the familiar rows of bottles and glasses, armored and girt for battle in his private fortress, he knew he was a

beaten man. He was a good soldier, but his equipment was not up to the enemy's.

"Very well," he said. "Perhaps you will now just tell me everything. That way, at least I shall know what to expect. How do you know her room is too cold?"

Gabrielle looked at him pityingly. "It is very simple. She rents a room in the apartment of old Madame Lerins in the rue Saint Simon, and you know what a miser that one is. There is no heat at all."

"And what else?"

"Nothing of any consequence. She came to Paris to study high fashion, but she is still just a seamstress in the alterations department at the Bon Marche, which is certainly not very grand. She is twenty-two and, as you remarked, very pretty. Beyond that I know nothing." She paused a moment, then added, "The letter of Wednesday is to some girl—Blanche something or other, also of La Rochelle. A school-friend, no doubt. Of no importance, that."

Victor sighed. He was unhappily aware that he had fallen into a trap, but for the moment he could see no way out. "And just what," he asked, very politely, "do you propose to do about this imagined crisis?"

Gabrielle was chewing on the pencil again and staring out at the rue de Grenelle. "I don't know yet," she said, "but today is Wednesday. She will be coming in tonight—and before that I will have thought of something."

Very few tourists ever wandered into the Grenelle, and in the course of a normal day it was unlikely that there would be more than a handful of clients who were not known, at least by sight, to either Gabrielle, Victor, or Rene, the boy who came in at noon to wait on the tables. It was, therefore, no great problem for Gabrielle to put her hand on the instrument

she needed in this matter of Mlle Julie Valentin.

His name was Pierre Boileau, and he was a poet. At least he said he was a poet, though Gabrielle had never seen a line of his poetry and she knew for a certainty that he earned his living as a mechanic in a garage at the Porte de Versailles. He was devilishly good looking, and he possessed rather more than his share of the somewhat raffish charm of his native Provence; and like all good Provençaux he delighted in giving it exercise. There was no doubt in Gabrielle's mind that Pierre Boileau was her man.

At that moment she wasn't completely sure of what she wanted him to do, but the first step was evident—she must find out what had happened in La Rochelle to cause the abrupt termination of the Friday letters. With the exaggerated calm of a general about to order a major offensive she summoned Pierre from his nightly before-dinner aperitif at the bar.

"I don't owe you a sou," he said firmly. "I paid you everything the first of the month."

Gabrielle waved impatiently, but he had given her an idea. "Oh, it is not that," she said. "On the contrary. I have something I want you to do for me—and I am prepared to pay for it."

Pierre stared at her, hard, his eyebrows coming together in a questioning frown. "Pay for it? You?" He shook his head violently. "Ah, that, no! A murderer I am not! No, no, my Gaby, you must do your own assassination!"

"Imbecile!" Gabrielle snapped. "It is no question of assassination. If I had known you were so stupid I would have asked someone else." Her voice dropped a full octave and she leaned forward conspiratorially. "It is a matter of a beautiful girl who has troubles."

To page 38



Linked in each other's arms, Julie and Pierre wandered happily along the peaceful street.



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Outside, it's a different story. The barometer's down—the wind's not so friendly—and 52 points have fallen since noon. But who cares. Inside the air-conditioned AMF-equipped centre, the weather's fine (as always).

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THE MAGIC FORMULA

A SHORT SHORT
STORY BY
GRACE
ROXBURGH



The letter had
been a source
of comfort for
so many years,

should she now
break the seal
and discover its
magic secret?

MY Uncle Will was a retired magician. You must have heard of him. He was the Great Presto, billed as Master of Illusion. But he claimed most of his tricks were not illusion but real magic. He said he knew some of the secret laws of nature.

I was very proud of my Uncle Will and I was very proud of my new husband. I was sure they would like each other so we detoured to visit Uncle Will on our honeymoon. I learned that day that Frank and my uncle had the same ribald sense of humor. They were natural friends. I had no premonition there was little time left for this, but Uncle Will knew.

He looked Frank over with quick darting eyes, laid his big deft hands on Frank's shoulders, winked at me, and said, "I can trust you to take care of her in the manner to which she has had no previous opportunity to become accustomed. What would you like? I can produce it. I don't forget my magic." Frank looked a little startled, not quite sure if my Uncle Will was kidding. Then he grinned.

"In that case I'd like a magic formula—something Mary could depend on in an emergency."

My uncle nodded. "It's a good choice. A happiness insurance policy. All right. You shall have your magic formula."

"Your uncle's the greatest kiddier," said Frank.

My uncle didn't seem to me to be kidding. He looked abstracted the rest of the evening, drew some hieroglyphics on the back of an envelope, screwed it up, and put a match to it. After a bit he hauled himself out of his chair. "I'll have to figure this out alone," he said, "the vibrations aren't right. You two enjoy yourselves."

It seemed no time at all before my uncle was back apologising for his two-hour absence. He gave me a slim envelope heavy with red sealing-wax. I read on it "The Magic Formula" in his spidery old handwriting. "To be used only in case of dire emergency."

"Remember, it can only be used once," said my uncle. "So don't use it if any other solution is possible."

Frank grinned, but he shared my prickly feeling of chill. He said, "It's a way of raising money, maybe?"

"This isn't a guessing game," said my uncle. "But no—I might say it's just the opposite."

"I was only thinking money is sure a comfort in an emergency," Frank said apologetically.

"Sure is," murmured my uncle drowsily. "It's a good stout friend—I don't deny you that—particularly if you don't know magic."

His wrinkled lids kept falling over the shine in his eyes, so I kissed him goodbye and we tiptoed out. It was the last time we saw him alive and it was true all right he couldn't afford to buy us so much as a washing-machine.

All the same the family criticised him for being too mean to give his favorite niece a wedding present. I didn't tell about his fanciful joke because it would make criticism worse. He had often said I was the only one with wits enough to understand him. It helped me to know I had a letter from him unopened, ready to speak. And I needed that kind of help in the next few years.

I needed counsel, I needed faith, I needed money, I needed a strong shoulder to cry on, but most of all I needed faith. Frank survived the gruelling experience of a Korean prison. But he only just survived. When he came back he was a haggard stranger who never joked or smiled. It seemed like the experience had sapped out of him ninety per cent. of his life.

The whole of his first year home was one long emergency. He did his damndest to come alive. He tried one job after another, leaving as his strength failed him to make a go of lighter work. I went back to bookkeeping and held our home together, but it made him worse because it hurt his pride.

Often I went to its hiding-place and looked at the slim wax-heavy envelope to be comforted by the spidery writing in faded ink. I longed—even craved—to open it and

see what my uncle had taken two hours out of an evening to say to me. But always I refrained, thinking, "This is a moment of cowardice, it is no dire emergency."

Frank was difficult about doctors, but I found one he would listen to. He prescribed a year's rest without work, responsibility, or anxiety in a desert climate out west.

I went straight to my room to get the "Magic Formula" when we got home. Even then I changed my mind. It would not help us to get money. I would have to get that myself. But somehow I always drew a sense of comfort and security from handling that fading envelope. And I foresaw right then the moment when I would need my uncle's loving counsel much, much more.

I raised the money, but it meant working overtime and it nearly sent Frank mad with worry. He couldn't eat the steaks I brought home and his strength flickered like a candle flame in wind. It was unbelievable he was the same droll man who used to tell me funny stories and tease me till I was nearly crazy. I offered him my uncle's envelope. He refused it with languid scorn. "If it doesn't work," he said, "you'll only feel ten times worse—and that good old man didn't mean to play a bitter joke on us."

After that, I didn't dare open it. We got away in three months to where there was peace and rest and sunshine. We had a little adobe house among the cactus half a mile deep in Arizona desert.

But he was too far gone to revive. He just lay still—slowly, uncomplainingly dying in the radiant sunlight—so after all it was no use. It was the day the doctor told me he couldn't last the night through that I thought, this is it. This is the dire emergency. Nothing can be worse—not even the moment I know it's all over.

I got out my uncle's letter and this time I had to know what magic of wisdom and sympathy I had been hoarding all the long, hard years. I tore it open. It contained a sheet of writing and two one-thousand-dollar bills.

"So you see, Mary," I read, "I thought this was how I could still be the friend to call on. If I gave it to you, it would soon be spent. On furniture, on having a baby, on having a divorce maybe—that's life. But there isn't any dire emergency I ever heard tell of that wasn't helped some by a couple of thousand dollars."

"Oh, no, Uncle," I wept aloud. "Well, here's one on my hands. Your magic formula's too late!"

I went out to Frank. He lay on his pillows as if he were cut out of paper. He was conscious, but only just breathing. The doctor waited beside him, holding his chalk-white wrist in pink, healthy fingers. I sat on the other side of him and took his other hand in mine. "Why are you crying, Mary?" he whispered.

I was trying to think of a lie when it came to me. I had only a few more hours with the one I loved best in the world. Only the truth was possible. He smiled faintly while I was telling him and showing him the fabulous thousand-dollar bills. "That makes me very happy, Mary. I can die without worrying."

His voice faded away and he changed before my eyes. His eyes closed and his haggard face took on that dreaming peace so often brought by death. I watched with stony resignation while the doctor put the stethoscope to his heart. I saw an expression of awed amazement come into the doctor's face. He looked at me. "A miracle has happened, Mary. His heartbeats are getting stronger. Maybe he'll fool us, after all."

He did, too. Now he's his old self again, joking and teasing, but not driving me crazy.

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CONTINENTAL NOODLE SQUARES: Cook 8 oz. noodles (fine variety) in boiling, salted water until almost tender; drain, mix in 2 oz. butter or substitute. Beat 2 eggs, add 1½ cups milk, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Rosella Worcestershire sauce; 1½ cups grated cheddar cheese, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 finely chopped red pepper, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley; mix lightly through. Add noodles. Pour into a greased, shallow tin, bake in a moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes or until firm. Cut into six squares to serve.

Prepare Sauce:

Sauce: 1 16-oz. can Rosella Asparagus Soup, 4 oz. finely chopped ham, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), salt, pepper, 1 cup milk or water. Combine all ingredients in a saucepan, heat, pour over noodle squares.

CURRY LAYER CRUNCH: Combine 1 16-oz. can Rosella Mulligatawny Soup, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Arrange layers of sliced tomato, sliced parboiled onion, 1 16-oz. can Rosella Vegetables with Sausages in a greased pie dish. Pour over mulligatawny mixture and sprinkle 1 cup crushed corn or wheat cereal over the top. Dot with butter or substitute and place in moderate oven for 20 minutes.



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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



**Cha Cha O'Brien
here next week
— page 2**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly -- August 22, 1962

Page

Cha Cha says Aussies love her

from THEODORE GREEN, in New York

Vivacious, flashing-eyed Spanish singer Margarita Sierra — better known as Cha Cha O'Brien, of the "Surfside Six" TV series — is in love with Australians.

AND, from what Margarita says, Australians have the same sentiment for her.

Although South America is the closest point she has ever come to Australia, Margarita has already formed some firm opinions of the Aussies.

In her cute Spanish-American accent she chattered about her forthcoming tour of Sydney and Melbourne and her feelings for Australians when I telephoned her.

From August 20 Cha Cha will appear for four weeks at a Sydney nightclub and after that spend a week in Melbourne.

Lots of fans

"I do not know much about Australia," Margarita said, "but I get lots and lots of letters from my fans here."

"Zey are so friendly and warm, zose letters. I weel never destroy them."

"At Chreestmas zey send me a—what you call eet—a Kola Beer toy doll."

How many letters does she get?

"About two or zree 'undred every week from Australia," said Cha Cha. "Zee other place is Tokio, where I am popular."

"I want to take some of zees letters to Australia with me to read, but my Engleesh ees not so good."

"I am going to take more Engleesh lessons, so I have more knowledge."

Away from her singing role in "Surfside Six" Margarita is



still a nightclub singer of considerable repute—particularly in Latin America and in her homeland, Spain.

Margarita was a child star at the age of eight in the local Madrid theatre.

She was still eight years old when she appeared in her first movie doing a song and tap-dance routine.

By the time she was 14 she had gained such a high reputation as an entertainer that her parents decided she should "retire" for one year.

When she returned to the stage she was almost immediately heading the billings and touring North Africa and Europe.

Then Margarita signed up

for nightclub and TV appearances in Mexico, and later followed up with engagements in Venezuela, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Colombia.

While working in Cuba, Margarita turned down offers to appear at Miami nightspots—even at the thought of the expensive clothes she could buy in the U.S.

After more offers she finally succumbed to the temptation of those beautiful sports clothes, bathing-suits, and nylons.

"I didn't think I would last more than one or two weeks in Miami," she said.

Margarita was mistaken. She completed a four-week engagement at the Nautilus Hotel and



Volatile Cha Cha O'Brien, of TV's "Surfside Six," as viewers know her (left) and (above) glamorised and streamlined for a Caribbean nightclub singing tour under her right name, Margarita Sierra.

a week later was asked back for an extended season. After that followed engagements at some of the fanciest nightspots in the U.S.

It was at the New York Plaza that William T. Orr and Hugh Benson sent their cards backstage asking Margarita to call at their office next day.

"A couple of blah-blah people," Margarita remarked as she scornfully tossed their cards into the waste-basket.

She didn't know that William T. Orr and Hugh Benson were two of the States' top film men.

They contacted her again, but Margarita was uninterested in a TV show they mentioned called "Surfside Six."

Then they offered to fly Margarita to Hollywood, all ex-

penses paid, for her to see the lot and meet the people already signed up for the series.

Margarita liked the set and the people and so "Cha Cha O'Brien" was born.

But television did not impress Margarita.

"I would not like to do any more series," Margarita said. "I have lots and lots of plans for movies."

"I can't tell you any more than that eet ees a musical and dramatic show."

Was Margarita married? I asked.

"No, no," she said, laughing. "I am not married. I am a seengle girl. I am available."

"But I may get married in Australia to zomeone zere. Who knows?"

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



Tommy Hanlon.

● Momma once said: Don't you worry too much about making mistakes. You'll learn something from each one. A great man once said "To err is human." Everyone makes mistakes; if they didn't why would they bother putting those little rubber things on the ends of pencils? In other words—as you go through life you are going to make an awful lot of mistakes, but try and learn something from each one and that way profit from them.

Momma's moral: Don't worry when you stumble. Remember, a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.

BERGMAN MAKES A TV EXCLUSIVE

● Ingrid Bergman's latest picture, a new version of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," will not be seen by movie audiences.

MADE at the B.B.C. studios in London, "Hedda Gabler" was recorded on videotape for television.

It is a British-American co-production to be shown first in those two countries.

"Hedda Gabler" was completed in three weeks at a cost of little more than £100,000 stg.

Bergman had top-notch leading men — Sir Michael Red-

grave, Trevor Howard, Sir Ralph Richardson.

Alex Segal directed the picture. Lars Schmidt, Ingrid's husband, was one of the three producers.

Schmidt said that his wife was planning to do at least one, and possibly two, TV plays a year.

Bergman was paid a reported £50,000 for her three weeks' work. In addition, Lars Schmidt remains co-owner of the tape.



British TV star Roger Moore with Shirley Eaton in a scene from the new British TV series "The Saint," based on Leslie Charteris' best-selling novels.

Roger Moore as "The Saint"

From BARBARA LAWSON, in London

● After years of playing swashbuckling heroes in plumed helmets ("Ivanhoe") and fur caps ("The Alaskans"), British star Roger Moore is hatless and handsome in a new TV series, "The Saint."

THE series is now under production at Elstree Studios, London, and will be offered to Australian TV later in the year.

Roger plays the role of Simon Templar, that dreamy, out-of-this-world character in Leslie Charteris' best-selling novels who robs the rich to give to the poor and, on the whole, gets into situations most TV heroes aren't—and, in fact, shouldn't—get into.

"This modern-type Robin Hood series appeals to me tremendously," said 34-year-old Roger, stepping straight from filming of "The Saint" attired in immaculate dinner suit, pleated white shirt, and shiny black patent shoes.

"What's more, it's the first time on television that I've ever played out of costume."

Roger, the son of a London "bobby," says he had many reasons for deciding to give up acting in Westerns for some time after starring in the popular "Maverick" series—the main one being that he can't stand the noise of guns going off.

"Every time I fired a gun I blinked, and they had to make cut after cut," he said.

"Not only that, I hate wearing cowboy boots and my gun bruised my side."

So when he heard that as the hero of "The Saint" he was to use quick wits in place of guns and that cowboy boots would

definitely be out nothing could stop him taking the part.

During the filming of the 28 one-hour episodes of the new series, the energetic Roger will do most of his own "standing-in" and doubling.

Because of this eagerness to take on all his own "fights" in films, Roger has had more than his share of accidents.

"In a sword-fighting scene in 'Ivanhoe,' an over-enthusiastic serf slashed my hand with a sword," Roger told me.

"As I bent down to look at my cut, a knight, galloping by, crowned me with his battle-axe—knocking me unconscious."

And in "Maverick" Roger had a round of knocks, bruises, and cuts as the result of fights in bar-room scenes, and prairie and rooftop chases.

Considering other misfortunes like the time he was kicked by a horse and the three broken ribs he received in a jousting scene in "Ivanhoe," it seems a miracle that 6ft. 2in., fair-haired and good-looking Roger has come through it all unscathed.

Probably one of the reasons for his quick "recovery" is that Roger Moore is a health fiend (he drinks milk at parties) and a keen athlete.

Since he first left Britain for Hollywood in 1954 Roger has made seven films other than his television work.

He has starred in "The Miracle," "The Sins of Rachel Cade," "Gold of the Seven

Saints," "Dianne," and "Rape of the Sabine Women," and had smaller roles in "Interrupted Melody" and "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

"Among other advantages of film work are the leading ladies one is given," said Roger.

He was obviously thinking of some of his leading ladies like Elizabeth Taylor, Lana Turner, Hazel Court, and more recently Carroll ("Baby Doll") Baker.

Roger gave up his ambition to be a cartoonist for that of acting 10 years ago.

While he attended classes at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, he did part-time modelling work to pay for the classes.

Within weeks he became one of Britain's leading photographic models. His face was seen in most of the romantic pictures in women's magazines and smiled from behind England's best shaving lathers.

"I had the male modelling field to myself," said Roger.

"But I got tired of grinning for toothpaste ads, and, after a bit more experience in repertory, I headed for Hollywood."

Roger has virtually adopted America as his home now, and at the completion of "The Saint" in England will head for his penthouse in California.

His favorite pastimes are gambling ("cards, horses, or the dogs") and cooking spicy curries for friends.

"I never cook for myself—I once tasted my own cooking," he said.

DID YOU KNOW?

QUIET, gentlemanly "Doc" of the "Gunsmoke" series (Milburn Stone) had a sudden change of temperament recently. On a New York visit he became entangled in a fistic argument with one of the city's notoriously tough cab drivers—and he came out on top.



Milburn ("Doc") Stone . . . he got the decision.

"RIFLEMAN" star Chuck Connors didn't use his TV "son," Johnny Crawford, in his Geronimo film because he thought people would identify the movie with the TV series.

CARY GRANT disclosed during a recent visit to London that whenever he entertains at home and the party gets too noisy he sneaks away into the bedroom to watch TV.

DENNIS the Menace (10-year-old Jay North) can act his age in next season's series. The slingshot will disappear from his hip pocket and he'll take to long pants. Jay has been playing the role of a six-year-old for the past three years.

HUGH O'BRIAN is making a movie for M.G.M., but there has been a little trouble over titles. It started out as "Over the Rainbow" . . . then "Champagne Flight," and now "The Friendliest Girls in the World." Wonder how long they will stay that way?

THIS week's award for thoughtfulness should go to the Chicago motel-owner who has supplied a house psychiatrist for his guests along with free TV.



Jackie Gleason . . . tired of acting.

"WHAT I would like to do is stop acting," Jackie Gleason said recently. "When I say that," he added, "I mean three years from now. I'm committed until then." He is at present starring in "Papa's Delicate Condition," his first Hollywood movie since 1948.

EDDIE CANTOR has worked out a special TV script for Eddie Fisher.

JACK KELLY'S sister, Nancy Kelly, has been given a guest role in the Sam Benedict series opposite Edmond O'Brien.

TEENAGE entertainer Bobby Rydell is about to enter television in a big way. His first assignment is a highly dramatic role in "Naked City." After that he goes into a "Hazel" sequence and will be checking in for a job on the "Donna Reed Show."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has signed a new television contract. She won't say what she will be doing, although "It's something I've always wanted to do."

WE'VE always heard that Clint ("Cheyenne") Walker has a physical fitness bug, but his latest craze seems to be taking things a little too far. He now takes his daily dozen by running up and down a 1500ft. hill behind the studios. Then he eats a lunch of dried figs, peaches, raisins, and nuts.



Clint ("Cheyenne") Walker . . . up and down a hill every day for fitness.

DIGBY SAYS "AU REVOIR"



DIGBY WOLFE, one of TV's most popular personalities, said this recently when he left TV to appear in the J. C. Williamson comedy "Under the Yum Yum Tree," which began recently in Melbourne.

Australian viewers will miss Digby. He has been a bright spot on TV ever since he arrived here early in August, 1960, for a three months' season in "Cortain Call" that preceded and probably sparked off "Revue '61."

Digby made a big hit with viewers from his first appearance, and his return to star in and compere "Revue '61" was applauded.

By the end of "Revue '61," viewers knew him well — some thought too well — but most people agreed that the "Revue '61" show, to be continued as "Revue '62," couldn't

● "I have a great deal of affection and gratitude for Australian viewers. They have given me a new life, a new country, and certainly my first home."

carry on without him. Sadly the show wasn't what it was the year before and "Revue '62" died in July. When it did, Digby wisely decided to leave TV for a time.

When I interviewed Digby, he was a very busy man, rehearsing for "Under the Yum Yum Tree," recording great quantities of his new and very popular 2GB radio show, "Wolfe at the Door," and winding up his TV commitments.

"Winding up" included sending letters to almost 8000 people whom he described as his "regular writing fans."

"I feel a particular affection for these people," he said. "They stuck with me when times weren't so good on

'Revue '62,' through budget shortcomings, dull patches, and just simple fatigue.

"I look forward to being part of their TV lives again in about 12 months' time, when I'll be back on TV in a new show.

"Under the Yum Yum Tree" will probably run until I have to leave to fulfil my TV engagements in America."

(Digby is under contract to M.C.A. of America to make a series of TV shows in America during the first half of 1963.)

"I don't know what this new show will be," he said. "All I know is that it will be new, that it will have its full share of anxieties, frustrations, and apprehensions; that I will enjoy

every moment and end up like this time saying 'never again!'"

The only TV performance definitely scheduled for Digby before he leaves for America is an interview with A.B.C.-TV interviewer Gerald Lyons.

A possibility, though, is a TV special, co-starring Tommy Hanlon, for which Digby has tentative plans.

Obligingly, Digby finished off some unfinished stories.

About his mother: "She is still coming out to Australia.

"When 'Revue '62's' American producer, Peter Macfarlane, left for America," Digby said, "he told me he didn't believe I had a mother—that she had been coming out to join me for as long as he'd been here.

"My mother is still coming, but she has been very sick with bronchial pneumonia; as well, she's completely unpredictable.

"But I have just signed migration papers for my widowed sister, Mrs. Mary Thomas, and her two children, Diana, 15, and Brian, 13. Mary is a nurse and hopes to work at the new Mona Vale Hospital."

About romance and marriage: "Next year I will get married; I can feel it coming on." (Digby didn't follow up this definite statement with names or dates.)

About his fast driving: Digby, seen above with one of his cars, left TV in a blaze of newspaper publicity and posters about his fast driving. He was fined more than once for speeding, had his licence suspended for a month.

He hopes to return to TV in 1963 with lots of publicity of a different kind.

—NAN MUSGROVE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

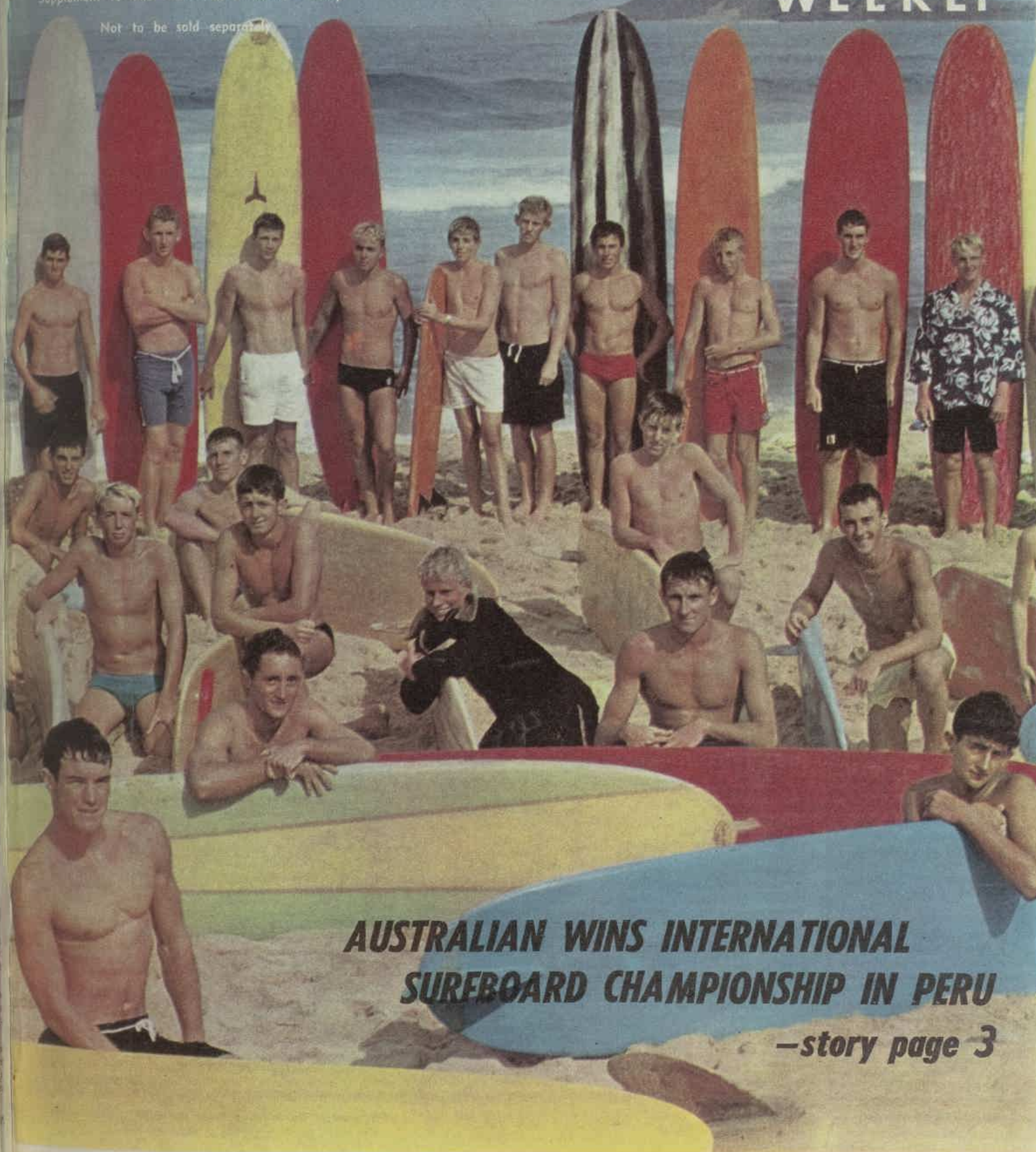
August 22, 1962

Teenagers'

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

WEEKLY



**AUSTRALIAN WINS INTERNATIONAL
SURFBOARD CHAMPIONSHIP IN PERU**

—story page 3

LETTERS

She's just learning to live

A TEENAGE girl is someone far superior to her young brother and sister. She's a nuisance to her grown-up brothers, a doll to her brothers' mates.

She understands her girlfriends' parents, but her own are still a mystery. She's quite old enough to have her own way, but still young enough to ask for Mum's help when things go wrong.

She loves make-up, dancing, Dad, the girl across the street, Bermuda shorts, money, the beach, lace petticoats, boys, birthdays, and late nights.

She hates school, housework, writing letters, alarm clocks, minding the baby, educational reading, raincoats, her big sister, explaining where her pocket-money has gone, and sensible clothes.

She's having a terrific time just learning how to live.—Lucy O'Brien, Dec Why, N.S.W.

Telstar stars

IT is interesting to note that American scientists are thinking of other things besides exploding atom bombs over the Pacific. Telstar is a great achievement for which the United States and all the other countries co-operating with her can be proud. Couldn't the two Mr. Ks arrange a super-summit meeting via Telstar while the whole world listens and watches them reach an agreement for world disarmament?—(Miss) J. Cameron, Dalveen, Qld.

A bad spell

AT our school a maximum of 10 marks can be deducted from each examination paper for bad spelling and untidiness. As we also have a dictation exam, which tests both writing

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

and spelling, I feel this is most unfair.

Several girls at my school recently failed a biology exam because of this rule. Incorrect spelling and untidiness sometimes can't be prevented because of the limited time we have in exams.

As spelling is not connected with biology it is unjust and misleading to fail a student because of it.

What are other students' opinions? — "15-year-old Student," Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Model Mum

IT is ridiculous to see TV advertisements featuring a glamorous model — complete with high-piled hairstyle, stiletto heels, and a dress fit for a wedding — working in a kitchen. Usually the only thing that identifies the model with a housewife is an immaculate apron.

Why don't advertisers feature a plump woman with slightly untidy hair, wearing an everyday dress? In other words an average housewife at midday? — "Teena," Naracoorte, S.A.

Work or study?

I AM 15 years old and originally planned to study at the university. However, I was recently offered a full-time modelling job which pays a good salary and a chance to travel later on.

Should I stay at school and go on to the university or take the job? — "Mannequin," N.S.W.

Dip. Cook

GIRLS should be compelled by law to produce a diploma proving they are efficient in the domestic arts, especially cooking. Most boys apprentice themselves to learn a trade or profession to secure the future for themselves and the girls they marry.

Most girls only bring to marriage a pretty face — and a promise of early ulcers. — "Jughead," Coburg, Vic.

War's over

I WAS most interested in Australians' reactions to the recent visit of Japanese ships.

It was reported that when the

ships entered Sydney Harbor they were not given the usual siren salute from the other ships.

How stupid can people be? The war was over before I was born and I wonder how many of my friends can remember anything of the war days? We must realise that Australians who remember the war with bitterness will one day succeed in making the Japanese our enemies again. And who will be involved in this war? Teenagers. — Patricia McCortey, Miles, Qld.

Learn Russian

WITH the introduction of the six-year course into secondary schools new subjects are being put into the syllabus.

One subject, however, is being neglected — Russian. With the world situation as it is, no time should be lost establishing Russian as an available language in our schools. — Victor Kapustin, Bondi, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



"Why, I'd be glad to date you, Harold — you look so distinguished without a beard."

All for tax

MANY teenagers have complained about paying taxes while not having the right to vote.

I wonder if they realise that their taxes go toward paying

pensions to our elderly citizens? Their own grandparents could be among these people. Our children will be paying toward our pensions when we are old, so think about this, teenagers, when you complain again. — (Miss) Stella Wilde, Brisbane.

How to accept compliments

● "Um, Ar, Thanks" (T.W., 18/7/62) asked for advice on how to reply when someone pays a compliment. Here it is:

IF someone tells you your dress is lovely all you have to say is, "Thank you very much" or "It is, isn't it?"

This sounds sincere and does not imply that your friend has bad taste in liking your clothes, as a denial would.

I think it is mostly the embarrassed tone sometimes used in replying to a compliment that spoils it. You will always have an opportunity at some other time of returning the compliment, so why worry? — (Miss) M. Woolley, Stanthorpe, Qld.

IT would be most insincere to answer, "Oh, this old rag," or something similar. Such a reply gives the impression that you consider the one who compliments you shows poor taste in clothes by admiring yours. It would be much more gracious to say sincerely, "Thank you. I'm so glad you like it — it's one of my favorite dresses."

A compliment is an expression of admiration, and we should always let the giver of them know that we appreciate their kind remarks. — "Be Gracious," Woodend, Vic.

ONE thing to remember is, never disagree with the person paying the compliment. Although you hear quite often, "Oh, it's just an old rag," not only is this untrue and makes you and the person paying the compliment

feel uncomfortable, it also often brings a conversation to a standstill.

Try something like this next time you are complimented on clothes: "Oh, thank you; I'm glad you like it. I saw it in 'Mary's Frock Shop' and just couldn't resist buying it."

Other compliments can be answered by saying, "Thank you, that is very nice of you" or "Thank you, John." Using the person's name will sound as though you appreciate it.

Compliments are very nice to receive, so don't abuse them by saying "Thanks." What's wrong with a friendly, surprised "Oh, thank you."

Make it a practice to give one compliment a day; you will be surprised the lift it gives you; it also helps you find what answers sound best. — (Miss) R. Stevens, Griffith, N.S.W.

I USED to get very embarrassed when complimented until a friend told me what to say.

When someone says, "That's a lovely dress," smile and say, "Thanks. I like it, too," or "Thanks. The material is rather unusual, isn't it?" or "Thanks. It's getting old now, but I'm very fond of it."

In this way both the person giving the compliment and the one receiving it can feel satisfied and you don't have that feeling that you get when you don't know what to say. — "Helpful," Pemberton, W.A.

JUST follow Queen Elizabeth's example. On one of her recent tours she was complimented on her lovely frock. The Queen answered this by saying, "Yes, it is nice, isn't it?"

No one would think you vain or snobbish if you answered this way, because everybody knows you don't buy or make something you don't like. — "Jim," Carnegie, Vic.

I CAN'T understand why "Um, Ar, Thanks" has a problem. Surely it's simple enough to just say "thank you" and let it go at that.

It's a perfectly natural thing for someone to say you look nice if you do. There's no reason to get all hot under the collar and build the whole thing up till it gets way out of proportion.

Your embarrassment only makes the person who offered the compliment wish he'd never opened his mouth. — P. Lindsay, West Chatswood, N.S.W.

SIMPLY tell him or her the truth, such as, "Thank you; I class this dress as one of my very specials," or perhaps, "Why, thanks. It is rather pretty," or even something like "Thank you very much. I've only just bought it and wouldn't part with it for anything."

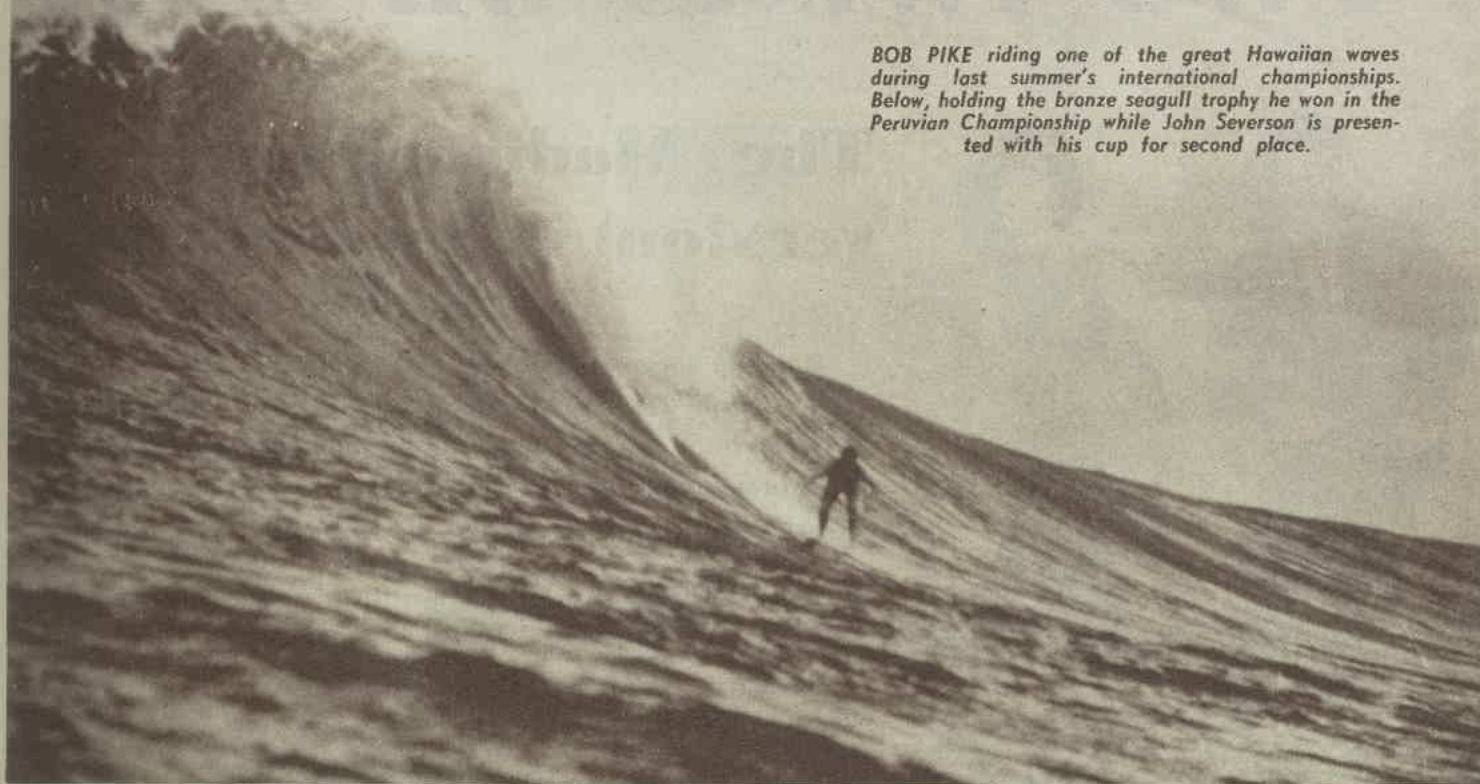
This is how to accept a compliment properly. — Margaret Apps, Bowning, N.S.W.

Next week

FOR those with Spring already in their step, Candy Hardy comes along next week with a pattern for a floral frock just right for the coming season. It's simple to sew for yourself, as you will see from our cover picture. And for those who like sailing we have a round-up of small boats with one hull (Sabots and Moths), two hulls (Quickcats and Kittycats), and three hulls — the recently designed trimarans, which their advocates claim will make all conventional yachts outdated by the end of the century.

International surf champ

BOB PIKE riding one of the great Hawaiian waves during last summer's international championships. Below, holding the bronze seagull trophy he won in the Peruvian Championship while John Severson is presented with his cup for second place.



● Wherever the surf is running best — anywhere on the coast between Surfers' Paradise, Queensland, and Torquay, Victoria — there you'll find Bob Pike. Enjoying the sun, sand, and salty spray, he's also training hard, for in a few months he plans to be off again to South America to defend his title of Surfboard Riding Champion of Peru.

BOB, now 22, won the championship last March in competition with the best from Hawaii, California, France, and Peru, and he made such a hit with the people of Lima that they asked him to come back next March — all expenses paid.

An old boy of The King's School, Sydney, Bob's home is at Manly, just north of Sydney Heads.

The first Australian to win a surf championship overseas, he was a member of the 20-strong Australian team which competed in the International Surfing Championships at Makaha Beach, Hawaii, last summer.

Because he injured a leg he

By Kerry Yates

had to drop out before the finals. Several members of the team qualified, but had to return home before the finals, delayed by lack of a suitable surf, were held.

Bob, however, got a lucky break soon after the Hawaiian championships were over.

John Severson, a champion Californian rider who was visiting Hawaii for the surfing titles, offered Bob a trip to Peru.

The editor of the American magazine "The Surfer," John won all the board-riding events in last year's Peruvian championships and, before he left, the organisers asked him to arrange for Australian, Hawaiian, and Californian riders to compete in their 1962 championships.

John chose Bob and a Sydney friend, Mike Hickey, of Bilgola (another northern Sydney beach), to represent Australia.

It was all a great surprise to Bob. "I didn't even know they surfed in Peru, but what a way to find out!" he said.

So off he went to California, where he joined two other boys heading for Peru, and they all drove down to Mexico with

their surfboards tied to the roof of the car.

Taking a couple of weeks for the trip, the boys stopped to surf at all the famous beaches along America's west coast.

From Mexico they took a plane to Lima, capital of Peru, where they were put up at the best hotel, as guests of the city's Waikiki Surf Club.

During their month's stay the visiting surfers went to a party as guests of the President of Peru and were lavishly entertained by the city's citizens.

"There are several beautiful beaches near Lima," Bob said, "but the surf is small."

"The biggest waves are about 10ft. high, and a permanent off-shore wind makes the water too choppy for really good surfing."

"But Peru itself, and the people! They're terrific."

For winning the international exhibition board-riding event, Bob was awarded a bronze carving of two seagulls mounted on a marble base.

The trophy weighs 36lb. and is valued at £150.

Bob said that all the visiting surfers received "royal" treatment.

Servants employed by the



Waikiki Surf Club took charge of their surfboards, rubbed them down with paraffin wax, carried them to the water's edge, and even waited to carry them back after Bob and the other boys had finishing riding.

The servants handed them towels after they showered in the surf club, and even rubbed suntan lotion on their noses before they went out in the sun again.

After leaving school at 15, Bob did a two-year course at Sydney Technical College to become a qualified woolclasser. He worked in shearing sheds in N.S.W. and Queensland to save the £600 for the trip to Hawaii.

During that time he visited every surf beach in the eastern States.

"Fairy Bower, about a mile off Manly Beach, is THE spot in Australia when the waves are on," he says.

"The surf in Hawaii, however, is even better—just like I'd always imagined. But it is very different from ours."

"Waikiki Beach is similar to many Australian beaches—and not so good."

"But for the keen surfboard rider other Hawaiian beaches have the perfect waves. These beaches — Makaha, Sunset, Alamoana, and the Banzai Pipeline — have the best surf in the world."

"The waves, building up to heights of 15 to 25ft. and then dumping on the shore, are very exciting to ride."

"And the greatest thrill of all is the Banzai Pipeline."

"This is an area where the waves, often reaching 25ft., curl over at the top to form a 'pipe' before dumping on a rocky shelf of jagged coral."

"And this was the place that put me out of the Hawaiian championships."

"I lost my board going down the Pipeline, but got out of it with a few scratches and an injured leg. My board, however, was wrecked. All the front was bashed in and the fin was snapped off."

● Our cover boys are some of the surfboard riders who competed at Narrabeen, one of Sydney's northern beaches, during the rally organised by the South Pacific Surf Riders' Club last season.

Two twists on THE



STEP ONE: Standing beside or opposite your partner, twist both feet slightly, stepping with the left foot to the left, using a lot of hip movement. The arms swing easily in time with the steps.

The Madison (new version) is rage of Paris

By SCARTH FLETT

● When suave young Frenchman Jacques Tzipine, son of M. George Tzipine, conductor of the Victorian Symphony Orchestra, flew into Melbourne for a holiday with his family, he brought with him a new dance craze, the Madison, which has been sweeping the nightclubs of Paris since early June.

THIS dance with a familiar name is not to be confused with the Madison of a few years ago. The 1962 Madison is simply a twist on the Twist.

Intrigued, I asked Jacques if he would teach me the basic steps, and now like many others I've become a Madison fan.

Danced to slow Twist music, the Madison is easy to learn and lots of fun.

"Young people in Paris are getting sick of the Twist and have been looking for a new

dance to take up," said Jacques.

"The Madison was first introduced to Parisian teenagers from America by television and caught on practically overnight.

"There is already a nightclub called The Madison.

Jacques learnt to Madison at the Club de l'Etoile, just before he left Paris.

Before coming to Australia 25-year-old Jacques completed his final-year medical exams at the Faculte de Medicin de Paris.

When he returns to Paris, via Switzerland, Jacques will take up a post as a resident doctor at the Hospital d'Aulnay sur Bois, a few miles from Paris.

The posting is for 12 months, at the end of which he hopes there will be time for an Australian holiday.

Danced in lines

"In the nightclubs and at large parties everyone dances in lines, the best dancers in the front line so the beginners behind them can learn from the experts.

"The Madison is best when done with five or more couples."



STEP TWO: Still twisting the feet very slightly, bring the right foot to join the left foot and repeat the first two steps four times.



STEP THREE: Finish this movement with bent knees and clap your hands once. Then repeat the first two steps four times to the right, still beside your partner. On the fourth step repeat the clap as before.



STEP FOUR: Standing on one spot, twist forward, standing beside or opposite your partner. Jenny Ham

TWIST

How to do the Mashed Potato

By Diane Roberts

● A second version of the Twist now very popular is the Mashed Potato.

A SIMPLE variation, it's a bit like the charleston.

It's danced to the disc "The Mashed Potato" or to any very fast Twist number. It's very easy to learn if you follow the three basic steps illustrated at right.

Run these three movements together and combine them with the basic Twist movement. Do it once with the right foot, then change over and do it with the left foot.

It might sound monotonous, but it's not, and it requires a lot of stamina to keep doing continuously.

Start practising now, and be first in with the new dance craze at the next party.



STEP ONE: Look at the floor, stand with legs slightly bent and point right foot out to the side. Hold your arms above your head and turn them in a "lassoing" movement. Keep "lassoing" all the time.



STEP TWO: Still with legs slightly bent, turn right knee and toe inwards. Lift your head and look at your partner. Keep your arms up and turning.



STEP THREE: Lift one leg up and tuck it behind your other knee. Lean back, look at your partner, twirl your arms, and if you don't fall over you're doing the Mashed Potato Twist.



THE THIRD MOVEMENT of the Mashed Potato Twist demonstrated by professional dancer Christine Gatacre and her partner Neil Morrison.



and Tony Nicholas join Jacques and Scarth to demonstrate the Twist step performed in two lines.



STEP FIVE: Twist on the spot, leaning backwards.



STEP SIX: Swing right round on your left foot, ending with one clap of your hands. Then repeat the entire six steps. This is the Madison.



EXCITING combination proves that separates are here to stay. Ruffled cotton jacket-blouse is worn over white bermudas and the natural straw hat has flowers in hot pinks and yellows.



FASHIONS TO TRAVEL WITH

● *Versatility and comfort are the most important factors when you're choosing your holiday wardrobe. Choose separates that match happily to get the most from every outfit. ● Choose uncrushable, durable fabrics that will guide you. ● Choose separates that are loose enough for comfort, tight enough to show off your figure. ● hats should be those you can roll up easily enough to hold "extras" ● shoes should be comfortable and easy to walk in.*

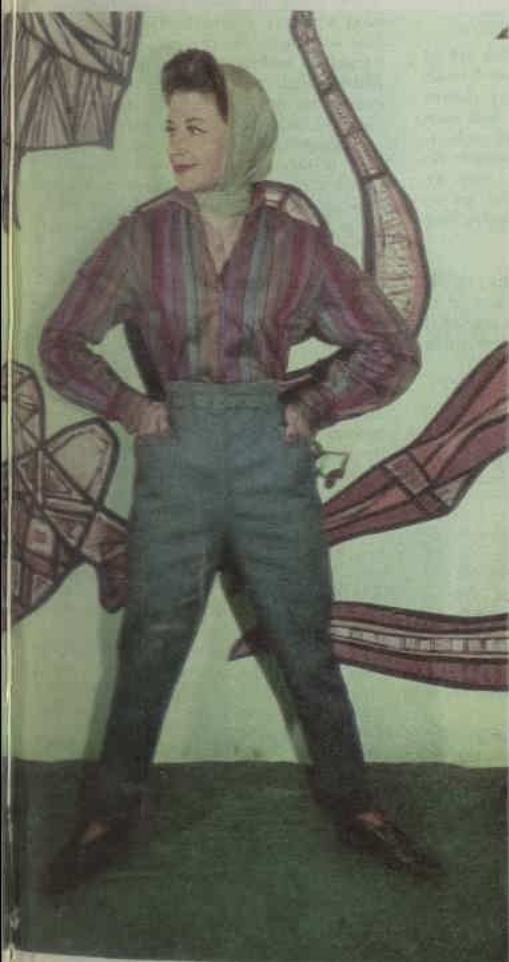


AFTER-FIVE is the time to wear this eye-catching dress (above) of hot-orange raw silk. Simple sleeveless top is flattering to most teenage figures.

SIMPLE COMFORT of terylene separates (left) makes this outfit an excellent travelling companion. Box-pleated skirt is easy to wear and easy to pack.

WHAT WILL WITH EASE

Important things to consider when
Clothes and separates must mix and
in your suitcase. These tips
dry materials • skirts should
not to be a nuisance in a high
and pack • handbags large
be comfortable and versatile.



STRETCH PANTS are ideal for long walks. Tailored
shirt, boldly striped, is a happy combination. Shirt
pairs excitingly with the white bermudas, too.



UNCRUSHABLE double-knit jersey suit takes to the air like a bird. Again the box-
pleated skirt for the most in comfort, and the top follows the line of least resistance.
Easy-to-pack matching velvet beret completes this attractive outfit.

Fashions from Myers, arranged by Ansett-ANA Travel Service.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Does he like me?

"IN my class at school there is a boy whom I like very much, but I don't know whether he likes me. How can I find out? Earlier this year I was told by one of his friends that he liked me, but I don't know whether this is true."

"Puzzled," Qld.

Part of being young is wondering whether someone likes you or not. Until "Mr. Right" comes along you will never really know.

Most teenage romances last a few weeks or a few months, then fade away when someone new and exciting comes on the scene. Perhaps the boy did like you earlier this year; perhaps he still does, but quite possibly he likes somebody else by now. And perhaps in a few weeks you won't like him any more!

Going steady

"I AM 18 and I have been keeping company with a boy of 20 for seven months. During this time he has never told me he likes me, nor asked me to go steady with him. Although he doesn't say anything, he shows his affection very much. Do you think he is a boy who can't express his feelings or do you think that he is taking me out for the sake of going out?"

"Unsteady," N.S.W.

Judge him by his actions, not his words—or lack of them. Some boys are quite inarticulate when it comes to expressing their feelings. Why worry that he has never asked you to "go steady," when, in fact, you seem to have been going steady for the past seven months?

Basic trousseau

"I AM announcing my engagement soon, and I would appreciate it if you could supply a list of what is considered the average girl's trousseau (linen and personal items)."

"Bride-To-Be," Qld.

Trousseau requirements vary a great deal with the climate in which you live and the type of life you expect to lead. Here is a basic list, but you can alter it to suit your own needs.

Linen: Six pairs each of double and single bed sheets, two pairs of double and single blankets, one eiderdown or rug, 12 pillow-cases, eight bath-towels, six hand-towels or guest-towels, two bathmats, 12 tea-towels, three tablecloths or sets of placemats, table napkins to match.

Lingerie: Two dressing-gowns (summer and winter), six nightgowns (three summer, three winter), three or four slips, six to eight pairs of briefs, two girdles, suspender belt, four bras, one strapless bra or bra with detachable straps, one pair of scuffs or slippers, and as many pairs of stockings as you can afford, preferably all the same brand and color. If you wear woollen vests in winter you will need some of these, too.

Clod-hoppers

"WE are two girls of 16 and we both have very large feet. When we go to local dances it is very embarrassing, as we stand on our partners' feet, and because of this the boys have stopped dancing with us. We are sure that it is our feet that puts them off. What do you advise us to do?"

"Clod-hoppers," W.A.

It is not the size of your feet that matters, it is knowing how to use them so that you keep well off your partners' corns! Ballroom-dancing lessons will teach you to be light on your feet and how to keep them out of harm's way.

Family debate

"WE are having quite a debate at home about whether it is correct for a girl to ask a boy to accompany her to a ball. My parents insist that it is 'belittling' to invite a boy, but I think it is all right and thought other girls did the same. Could you please give me your opinion?"

"Candlestick," N.S.W.

If it is a ball organised by a school or girls' association or a country spinners' ball, it is correct for the girls to invite the boys. Or if some friends are taking a party to a ball for some special occasion and have asked you to join them and bring your own escort it would be all right to invite a boy you know well.

But apart from these circumstances it is the boy who should issue the invitation to the ball.

Narcissus

"I HAVE been told so many times that I am attractive that now it disturbs me if any of my admirers fails to comment. At a school dance recently my teacher's fiancé emotionally upset me. During supper break, while the two of us were in his car, he compared my beauty with that of the moon. Do you think that I am justified in believing that he, too, thinks I am attractive and really cares for me?"

"Disturbed Moon-Face," Qld.

No, and neither do you.

Tit for tat

"I AM 21 and engaged to a wonderful man who loves me very much. We were very happy together until my 18-year-old sister, who is rather spoilt, started borrowing my clothes and personal possessions. This annoys my fiancé very much. He says I should not let my sister use me the way she does. We argue about this constantly, and although I have tried to explain this to my sister she laughs in my face and says my fiancé should mind his own business. I do not approve of my sister's doings, either."

"Upset," Vic.

Why argue with your fiancé if you don't approve of your sister's actions, either? They are your clothes, and if you can't lock them away from your sister, try borrowing her favorite dress or jewellery. She may change her ways if she sees you in her treasured possessions.

Keen Twisters

"WE are three girls of 14 who are at high school. We have boy-friends who ask us to all our school dances and who are very good at ballroom dancing. We love to Twist and rock-n-roll, but our boy-friends cannot do these. Could you suggest a way we could ask if they would like us to teach them, without embarrassing them?"

"Twisties," N.S.W.

Soften them up first by telling them what terrific dancers they are. Say you are sure they would be marvellous at the Twist, and offer to show them how to do it.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



It's fun and very chic to have things in matching sets — brush and comb, shoes and handbag. Well, why not make yourself a matching comb case and money purse?

You can make these in felt, but if you really want to impress, use leather.

Leather wears better, and if you make it neatly it can look very effective and very dotty.

You can buy pieces of leather from the handicraft section of any large department store.

You need a sharp knife, some narrow leather thongs (these are long thin strips of leather used to sew up the leather), and a paper punch or a sharp knitting needle.

Put your comb on the leather and sketch around it with a pencil. Do this twice so you have two pieces, then carefully cut them out with your knife.

(Or you can cut it in one strip twice as long as the length of the

comb, then double it over and sew up the sides.)

Now mark places to punch the holes at even intervals around the edges, leaving the top of the case. Make sure the marks on both pieces of unpunched leather match. Then punch the holes with a paper punch or, if you've a strong right arm, a steel knitting needle.

Thread a piece of thong in and out and knot it decoratively at the top.

The purse is a little more difficult. Start with a circular one by drawing a circle on your leather, punching holes around the edge of the circle, and threading the thong through. Leave about 4in. free either end, so when you pull it in you have a drawstring purse.

Your first attempt at leatherwork mightn't be successful, but start with a comb case, or you could try a bookmark.

A bookmark is just a flat leather length with punched holes round each edge, threaded with a contrasting colored thong — an idea for a little gift for the man in your life?

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Ignore him

"A BOY in our bowling league was nice to us once, but now he is turning against us. The other day he promised to give us a game, but when we asked him in which lane we were playing he snubbed us. The second time we asked him he kicked me in the shins (causing a lump) and laddered my girl-friend's stocking. We then went to the phone box and rang him up, but he rudely slammed the receiver down. Should we give him the laddered stocking to remind him how rude he was?"

"Laddered Stockings," N.S.W.

Leave him strictly alone or I hate to think what he might do to you next time. Frankly, I can't imagine what made you go back and ask for more after he had snubbed you in the first place. Don't try to get revenge—just ignore him in future.

Should I curtsy?

"LAST week I went to a function in Hobart at which I was presented to the Governor's wife. Mother had told me just to say 'How do you do?' and shake her hand, but quite a few of the girls curtsied to her, and I felt embarrassed in case I had been wrong. I am going to another social function next week at which the Governor and his wife will be present, and I am afraid of making another mistake, but Mother still tells me it is correct to curtsy to the wife of the Governor-General only. What is right?"

"Doubtful," Tas.

It is considered courteous to curtsy to both the Governor-General and his wife, if you are presented to them. But it is correct to curtsy to a State Governor only, not to his wife.

Break it off

"I HAVE been engaged to a man of 26 for three years now. I have often asked him if he would set a date for our wedding, but he keeps avoiding the subject and does not give a straight answer. My friends are married or getting married, and I feel jealous of them and left out. Could you please help me?"

"Desperate," Tas.

If he avoids marriage talk after three years of engagement, you are wasting your time with him. It looks as though he likes a nice comfortable "steady," but doesn't want to settle down to the responsibilities of marriage.

Force him to discuss the matter; tell him that if he has no intention of marrying you, you will break the engagement — and do so. Find new friends, but don't go rushing into marriage just because you envy your friends.

Money worries

"COULD you please tell me how much I should be paid? I work five hours a day, seven days a week on a dairy farm. I pay my own tax and keep, and I have been working on the same farm for five years (I am 20)."

"Worried," N.S.W.

You should write to the Legal Section, Department of Labor and Industry, Box 21, G.P.O., Sydney, giving details of your hours of work and length of service. The Department will be able to tell you the award wage for dairy employees. You are entitled to extra pay for Sunday work.

ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman 6. COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

600 years to build

GOTHIC designers were thoroughly competent builders in timber, brick, and stone.

Each material was given its own character, so that a Gothic building of timber looks quite different from one built of brick or one built of stone.

It was when they worked in stone that Gothic architects (known as Master Masons) achieved their greatest triumphs. With this material they strove for more and more loftiness.

Cathedrals in particular demonstrate both the aspiring design ambitions and the engineering skill of medieval architects, whose names have rarely come down to us.

However, at Cologne, in West Germany, a Master Mason named Gerhard in 1248 began the reconstruction of the old church that had served Cologne for centuries.

He finished the new chancel during his lifetime, but the rest of the Cathedral took six centuries to complete. Fortunately, the succeeding generations faithfully followed Gerhard's ideas, so that the Cathedral as it is seen today is the design he intended.

Many medieval churches and cathedrals took generations to build, but none of them quite so long as this one.

It is a large design, for it is 470 feet long and 275 feet wide. Its twin towers, 500 feet high, dominate the level plain of the Rhine valley on which the Cathedral stands.

The wonderful interior is 150 feet from the floor to the crown of the pointed vaults, resulting in the second-highest such compartment in the world.

The long, slender stone columns rise uninterruptedly through the whole height of the Cathedral, giving strong emphasis to the soaring feeling of the lightly enclosed space.

Nowhere is Gothic mastery of stone so well demonstrated as in Cologne Cathedral, which reaches the absolute limit of the possibilities of this material.

The intricate vaults are lifted as high as they can be without causing the collapse of the slender columns.

The whole framework of the Cathedral is a skeleton which is enclosed in colored glass. This achieves perfect decoration, for the staining of the light gives an interior saturated with vibrant color.

The resulting unreal glow seems to create such a world of its own that to enter Cologne Cathedral is a wonderful experience.



COLOGNE CATHEDRAL, 150 feet from the floor to the top of the vaults (the height of the average 12-storey building).

From "European Architecture in Color," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames and Hudson).

NEXT WEEK: Strasbourg Cathedral.



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HERE is the prettiest shift of the season—and matching it is a ruffled shirt. Both designs are included in one pattern. The shift is bare-armed and barely fitted; cotton eyelet ruffles edge the neck and continue down centre front to the hemline. The shirt repeats the dress ruffles, and the designer adds elbow sleeves.

Our shift and shirt are both made in orange cotton and ruffled in white. Choose your own color scheme, but, remember, colors favored are

those of the sun—yellow, orange, gold—all wonderfully becoming to tanned skins.

PATTERN No. 7694.—Shift and shirt in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Shift requires 4½ yds. 36 in. material, 14 yds. eyelet edging, and 2 yds. ribbon. Shirt requires 3 yds. 36 in. material, 9 yds. eyelet edging, and 2½ yds. ribbon. Price 3/6.

Address orders to Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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COME WITH ME TO THE CAS-BAH!

● Women's fashion styles
have always been lègion—
and now they're somewhat
Foreign Legion!

A PARIS couturier, M. Jacques Heim (a bloke can be a dress-designer if he's French, Without Sneers), has drawn on Middle East and thereabout styles to clothe Western women.

M. Heim's fashions have high collars that cover wearers' faces right up to the nose.

And at the showing which launched these veiled threats all the models wore gold and blue eye-shadow and other Arabic-type make-up.

The veil comes at a bad time. Enveloping headpieces are unpopular, apparently.

Isn't there, for instance, a well-worn warning: "No snoods is good news?"

And it would be no good a girl dressed in M. Heim's manner going out with a bloke named Al.

You know how Al jeers!

Another problem is, of course, that an ordinary dressmaker probably couldn't make up one of M. Heim's creations.

No, it seems you'd need a Cairo-tractor!

Forgetting such Arabic-kering for a while, I must say that the new styles could, in some ways, benefit a boy-girl get-together.

A wearer would probably be brighter company—she would, no doubt, *sheik* a leg.

And a lad could almost certainly induce an Egyptian-looking lass to walk with him in the moonlight by telling her: "There are *Pharaohs* in the bottom of my garden."

Naturally if a pseudo sultana was raising trouble on a date she would get her just deserts.

A boy should not forget, either, that a fashionable girl would logically be more agreeable to going out with a *pasha*!

A male could preface a pass by whispering, "Darling, they're playing our *dune*." Which wouldn't go against the grain!

And if such fashions were applied to the women's armed forces, all the nice boys mightn't like a young lady sailor—but they'd go for Air Force girls.

Even if they were called Riff-W.R.A.A.F.! Whether or not you think the whole idea sphinx, you reckon a girl would have to be pretty game to wear M. Heim's clothes?

Well, as a famous Middle Eastern miss, Rosetta Stone, once said as she put on her veil, kissed her mummy (who didn't care two wraps) goodbye, and went on a big date:

"*Rameses Akenaton Nefertiti pyramid king-size.*"

Which, deciphered, means: "Only the brave deserves the *Pharaoh*!"

A lousy pun?

Well, as P. C. Wren might have said, it's enough to make a beau jest, isn't it?

—Robin Adair

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—August 22, 1962

LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

The Steeds are over the first hurdle

● The Steeds, a Sydney teenage instrumental group with its own comedy acts, recently made its first national TV appearance on "The Johnny O'Keefe Show."

IN the year that the group has been together, Sydney teenagers have been lapping up the lively dance beat, impersonations of local and overseas artists, and the dancing and clowning of this essentially "good guy" group.

If you'd like to meet them, here they are: Leader, compere, and rhythm guitarist — David Stone (21); Frank West (17), sax; Len Farrell (16), bass, piano, and piano-accordion; Warren Daley (17), drums; and Billy Gee (17, the guy people think looks like Bobby Rydell), guitar.

They all take vocals, and 16-year-old Len does most of the arranging.

The boys built up their first following by working at Police Boys' Clubs, but are now beginning to tour, and have bought their own pint-size bus. They also do vocal backings.

JUST about the swingiest group of young businessmen in town are Johnny Devlin, Rob E. G., and Dig Richards, who have formed themselves into a company called All Stars Promotions to put on teenage dances.

They've all known each other since the deep, dark days of rock-n-roll, but this is the first time they've joined together in a commercial venture.

The boys will be doing some singing themselves as well as using guest artists, and have raided some well-known bands to get together a group to be known as the All Star Big 7, which will use a lot of Country and Western beat.

IN the "How to look after your discs" feature some time ago, I said that a diamond stylus should be good for about 80 hours of playing. This is so with a heavy pick-up arm, but with a modern lightweight arm a good diamond stylus will play from 400 hours to more than 1000 hours.

Local talent: After Judy Stone's knockout LP, plenty of fans will be waiting to rush her new single, "Finders Keepers" (Festival). It's a very well produced Country and Western, as nice as its name, and on the other side Judy puts a lot of heart into the old "I'm Confessin'."

The latest single from Col Joye, "Sweet Dreams of You," is a Country and Western written by Don Gibson and is also noticeable for its exceptional quality. With these two, Festival has made its biggest advance in sound yet.

Pops: American pianist George Greeley has won himself a heap of fans with past LPs and TV appearances in Australia. His new LP, "George Greeley Plays George Gershwin" (Warner Bros.), comes up to every expectation, and some of the lovely tunes are "Someone To Watch Over Me," "Bess You Is My Woman," and the dazzling "Rhapsody In Blue."

WARM, sincere performances of half-pure pops and half-Country-based numbers by that good singer, Jim Reeves, should make "A Touch of Velvet" (R.C.A. LP) a popular record to have on hand to entertain droppers-in. Some of the titles—"Just Walking In The Rain," "Have You Ever Been Lonely?" "I'm a Fool To Care."

I'M always more than happy to sit down and listen to a Chet Atkins LP. "The Most Popular Guitar" (R.C.A. LP) is one of the most romantic he's made, with a lot of strings in the background and plenty of sentiment from a supporting vocal group. It's a varied programme, with "Stay As Sweet As You Are," "Rock-a-Bye Baby," "East Of The Sun."

EVER tried to master those vocal gymnastics (a speciality of the Swiss) known as yodelling? Wilf Carter seems no Swiss, being also known as Montana Slim. But on a Festival EP, "Silver Bell Yodel," he gives a demonstration that might help you along the alpine way.



THE STEEDS, a show in themselves. Reading, from left: David Stone, Warren Daley, Len Farrell, Frank West, and, centre front, Billy Gee.

ANOTHER good R.C.A. single is Don Robertson's "Stand In" — all about how awful it is to feel you're only a stand-in for someone else. He wrote it, too, and the flip of this one's along the same lines—"You Don't Need Me Any More." Just right for a good cry if you're feeling like it.

Jazz: You're not up to date if you don't know that while he was in America brilliant

Australian jazzman Bryce Rohde experimented with a new sound. The result, sometimes eerie and unworldly, can be heard on a Coronet LP, "Straight Ahead," recorded with a newly constituted quartet just before he returned home. Colin Bailey, the old drummer, is still with him, and the two new members are Americans. All but one of the seven tracks are Rohde compositions.

RECORD OFFER REPEATED

● The response to the recent announcement of "BANDSTAND STAR PARADE" has been so great that this offer is now repeated, under which the 8-record set is available for £12 cash or £3 deposit and £1/10/- a month for 6 months.

The 8 records included in this offer are:

Brian Henderson—"Everything's Swingin'"; Johnny O'Keefe—"Oldies but Goodies"; Col Joye—"The Golden Boy"; Brenda Lee—"This is Brenda"; Paul Anka—"Swings for Young Lovers"; Dion—"Alone with Dion"; Buddy Holly—"Memories of Buddy Holly"; Lonnie Lee—"A Night Out with Lonnie Lee"; but possibly the most interesting is Brian Henderson's selection, "Everything's Swingin'", which includes The Joye Boys, The Delltones, The Leemans, The Crescents, Warren Williams, Rob E. G., Noeleen Bailey, Patty Markham, Ray Melton, Johnny Devlin, The De Kroo Brothers, Paul Wayne, and Judy Cannon.

Each record is in its own color jacket and the full set is enclosed in a handsome red-and-gold embossed vinyl cover.

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WORTH HEARING

TCHAIKOVSKY: Fourth Symphony

AMERICAN Leonard Bernstein is an irrepressible musical Jack-of-all-trades. Still in his early forties, he has made a reputation as a conductor, a pianist, a television "personality," a composer of serious music (including a couple of symphonies), musicals ("West Side Story"), and film music ("On the Waterfront").

With all this as a background one would expect his conducting to have a certain amount of restless brilliance, and that is just what one finds in his recording (for Coronet) of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony. Some, in fact, may find it a bit too dynamic, but no one could call it dull. (The performance is by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra; it is recorded in mono and stereo.)

The music itself (apart from the two gentler inner movements) is restless. It was written during one of the most turbulent periods of Tchaikovsky's emotion-racked life—the months following his disastrous marriage.

Like Beethoven's Fifth Symphony it opens with a motive representing Fate; but in mood the two symphonies are very different. Beethoven defies Fate and conquers; Tchaikovsky is always its protesting victim.

— Martin Long

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 22, 1962

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11



JUDY CANNON

Blond, blue-eyed, and loaded with personality, 20-year-old Judy has often been called Australia's answer to Doris Day. Originally from Melbourne, where she passed her Leaving Certificate at the University School, Judy now has her own flat in Sydney. She has appeared regularly in "The Bryan Davies Show," "Revue '62," and "Bandstand." She's a clever comic as well as being a talented singer.

TRAP FOR NICHOLA

He was determined to win the girl he loved whatever the cost . . . a short story

By **CHARLES PITTOCK**

PATRICK COLLISHAW stared gloomily out of the cockpit window toward the South Atlantic 30,000 feet below. Indifferent to the misery of her pilot, Juliet November flew quietly on course for Tenerife, in the Canary Islands, 2000 miles ahead.

Occasionally the wheel and rudder bar moved imperceptibly as the automatic pilot corrected a variation in the trim. Occasionally, for the majority of her passengers had gone to sleep hours ago and the weight distribution remained steady.

Right aft, and about as far away as she could get from Senior First Officer Collishaw without entering the ladies' powder-room, stewardess Nichola Blake gazed unseeingly out of the oval porthole.

She was off duty and she was supposed to be asleep, but she wasn't. She was worried, unhappy, and wide awake. She was 22, blond, and slim. And she couldn't decide whether she was in love or not.

In the cockpit the pilot slowly lit a cigarette and watched the smoke dissolve gracefully in the faint green light from his instruments.

He was 34, tall, dark, and pug-nosed. And he knew too well that he was very much in love.

To port, and a good deal higher than Juliet November, a full moon floated serenely in a clear sky. Moonlight, he thought bitterly, the very stuff of romance.

Until last night he had been ready to agree. But now he looked upon it with a jaundiced eye. He put up a hand and touched his nose. He wondered if that had something to do with it. For 14 years, since a rugby boot had drastically altered the shape, he had worn it unselfconsciously.

But now he experimentally moulded it with his fingers. Heaven knows, he would be no Adonis even if the thing was straightened, but still . . .

For the first time he pondered seriously on the subject of plastic surgery.

Patrick glanced round as Senior Steward Miller entered with a steaming mug on a tray. His face lengthened. He might have known Nicky wouldn't bring it. He wedged the mug on the throttle box. The steward, seeing his mood, did not stay to talk.

Patrick sipped the coffee thoughtfully. What had gone wrong last night? Up till then everything had been perfect. True, they hadn't known each other very long. But four months, he considered, was long enough. Especially as it had taken him less than a week to make up his own mind.

He had schemed, plotted, even bribed to ensure that they flew together as often as possible. And it had worked, too. She enjoyed his company. She said so. She let him kiss her. She enjoyed that, too. She kissed him back.

He took the little box from his pocket and opened it. The ruby-and-diamond ring winked up at him in the moonlight from its velvet bed. He looked at it sadly. It had cost him £50 from the jeweller's in St. James'. Antique, of course. No sales tax.

To page 36

There was a moment of horrified silence as Patrick and Nichola saw the irate captain.

For a moment he wondered how much they would give him if he returned it. He forced the unworthy thought away. The battle was not yet lost. He put the little box back in his pocket.

He had shown it to her first, the night before.

They came out of the surf together, and raced each other up the beach to their clothes. It was then he asked her to marry him and took the little box from his pocket. Puzzled and hurt, he listened to her frightened excuses—then put the little box away.

They dressed quickly, not speaking much, very conscious of the loneliness of the beach and the tropic night. Then they rode back to Kingston on the scooter he had hired for the evening.

Remembering, Patrick sighed heavily. He took Juliet November out of automatic and began to fly her manually; at least it gave him something to do.

Right aft, Nichola was also giving a great deal of thought to the events of the past four months. She felt sorry for Patrick and admitted it was entirely her fault.

She closed her eyes and leaned her head against the wing of the chair. Presently, tired out, she fell asleep. Three hours and 900 miles later, Miller knocked to wake her. Only the dim blue night-lights shone now in the cabin.

In the cockpit, Captain Henry Biskett rubbed the last flecks of sleep from his eyes and studied the log after taking over from Patrick.

Nicky made her way forward to make more coffee for herself and the crew.

In the rest compartment, Patrick lay on his back, staring up at the bulkhead, tired, unable to sleep. Dutifully, he closed his eyes and pulled the blanket up to his chin. The muted roar of the engines formed a background to his thoughts.

It was in the twilight zone between wakefulness and sleep that the idea came to him. Instantly, he was wide-awake, an excited smile playing across his face. He slipped quickly

off the bunk and began to button his tunic.

Captain Biskett eased his bulk in the captain's seat and glanced at the 24-hour clock. Ten minutes of the watch to go. Ahead, the dawn showed in a pale yellow streak across the horizon and already the darkness of the sky overhead was fading to a pale grey-blue.

He reached for the intercom microphone. "Stewardess, sir?" Nichola's voice was tired and listless.

"Coffee for me and wake Mr. Collishaw, please, Nichola. Ten minutes to go."

"Very good, sir."

She turned on the element below the percolator and then, reluctantly, went forward to the rest compartment.

He was lying on the bunk awake. As she entered, he turned his face toward her and smiled. She was annoyed to find her legs trembling beneath her.

"Time to get up," she said quietly.

He grinned and slipped off the bunk, reaching for his tunic. "Thanks, Nicky."

She swallowed nervously and her heart seemed to turn over. Suddenly, she had an almost overpowering desire to throw herself into his arms. As though sensing it, he took a step toward her. She backed away stuttering: "I'll bring your coffee up to the cockpit."

His eyes held hers, he took another step, reaching out for her. "Nicky." His voice was a whisper.

"No," she shook her head, her heart began to pound violently. "No, Patrick please . . ."

A moment later his arms were round her, his mouth came down hard on hers and she was lost. Her uniform cap slipped and fell unnoticed to the deck.

A lock of pale blond hair fell across her forehead. Tenderly, he brushed it away. She lay relaxed in his arms until, remembering where she was, she began to struggle.

Continuing . . . TRAP FOR NICHOLA

from page 35

She was perhaps 10 seconds too late.

"Mr. Collishaw!" The captain's voice was like the crack of a whip.

There was a moment of horrified silence before they broke apart. Patrick raised

said coldly. "And now perhaps you will return to the galley and continue your duties. As for you, Mr. Collishaw, I should be grateful if you could spare a few minutes from your . . . er love affairs, to fly this aircraft."

The pilot nodded word-

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



his eyes to meet the outraged amazement in the captain's face.

Beyond the heavy curtain, he saw the interested face of Radio Officer Willis peering into the compartment. Nichola stared at the steel deck, breathing heavily, a dark flush mounting to her cheeks.

Patrick said helplessly: "Captain . . . I . . . er . . ."

"Be quiet," the captain gestured curtly. He nudged Nichola's cap with the toe of his shoe. "Is this your cap, Miss Blake?"

Hurriedly, she leaned down, picked it up, and began to arrange it on her head. "I'm sorry, sir," she mumbled.

"I can assure you you're going to be a lot sorrier," he

lesly, fumbling with the buttons of his tunic. Nichola turned to the captain. "Sir, if I could explain . . ."

"Explain!" the captain cut her short. "Your conduct is surely self-explanatory."

"But, sir . . ."

"I have nothing more to say, Miss Blake, except that I shall submit a full report on this incident on our arrival. I'm sorry, but I have no alternative."

Hot tears welling mistily into her eyes, Nichola brushed past him and ran down the flight deck to the galley.

It was full daylight and the cockpit was flooded with the golden rays of the sun when they received clearance for their let-down to Tenerife.

Nervously Patrick turned in his seat. "Permission to go aft, sir?"

"Certainly, Mr. Collishaw." The voice was coldly formal. "And kindly do not waste time. We are coming on to the range very shortly."

Patrick edged round the throttle box and walked aft. Navigator Talbot and Willis looked at him with interest. Willis stopped him, putting a hand on his sleeve. "Did my eyes deceive me or did old Digestive catch you flirting with the fair Nichola?"

The pilot grinned wryly. "You were not deceived, Edward."

The Radio Officer whistled softly. "Brother, there goes your captaincy. You'll be lucky if they don't chuck you out altogether. What made you do it? You must have been nuts."

"I suppose love makes one do odd things."

Shaking his head sadly, Willis turned back to his transmitter.

Patrick found her preparing breakfast in the galley.

Nichola faced him, her eyes wide with anxiety. "Pat, for heaven's sake go away. We're in enough trouble as it is."

He sighed and said shortly: "It doesn't matter, I've had it, anyway."

Nichola dropped a plastic tray with a thunderous crash. Uncaring, she caught his hand. "Oh, Pat, no." She turned away, the tears coming again. "Ted Willis said they would make you leave the Company."

She was sobbing now. Her voice shook. "And you were so near to being a captain. Oh, what a terrible mess . . . Isn't there anything we can do?"

The pilot took her gently by the shoulders. "I asked for it, I suppose," he said quietly. The girl turned and pressed her face into his shoulder.

"I'm so sorry, darling," her voice was muffled against the blue serge. He stroked a tendril of hair that had escaped from beneath her cap.

"There might be one way

out of it," he said thoughtfully. She raised a tear-ravaged face, hope dawning in her eyes. "A way out! . . . Darling, what is it?"

He shook his head. "No, it doesn't matter, forget it. It's asking too big a sacrifice of you."

She dug her fingers into his arm. "What is it, Patrick?—I'll do anything . . . honestly, anything."

"Well," he hesitated doubtfully, then, making up his mind, pulled the little square box from his pocket.

Nichola's mouth fell open. "Not . . . ?"

He nodded. "Fraid so. It's our only hope. If I can say that we had just got engaged when he found us, he might change his mind . . . Otherwise . . ."

Pointedly he drew a finger across his throat. Nichola was silent.

"Will you marry me, Nicky?" he said at last.

The tension was unbearable. It broke abruptly as she flung her arms round his neck. He was incredulous. "You will?" She nodded, unable to speak.

"Oh, Nicky."

After a while they drew apart, flushed with happiness. "Patrick!" Nichola paled. "You had better go back. If he catches us again . . ."

He hurried away. Nichola stood looking down wonderingly at the circlet of rubies and diamonds on her finger.

Senior First Officer Collishaw sat down slowly in the left-hand seat. The captain smiled. "Well?"

Patrick grinned happily. "It worked," he said. "We're engaged."

Captain Biskett sighed. "Thank goodness for that. Congratulations."

"Thank you, sir, and thank you for . . . er . . . playing Cupid, so to speak."

The captain laughed. "I don't know how I kept my face straight. And now, Mr. Collishaw, having sorted out your love life satisfactorily, perhaps we can concentrate on landing this aircraft."

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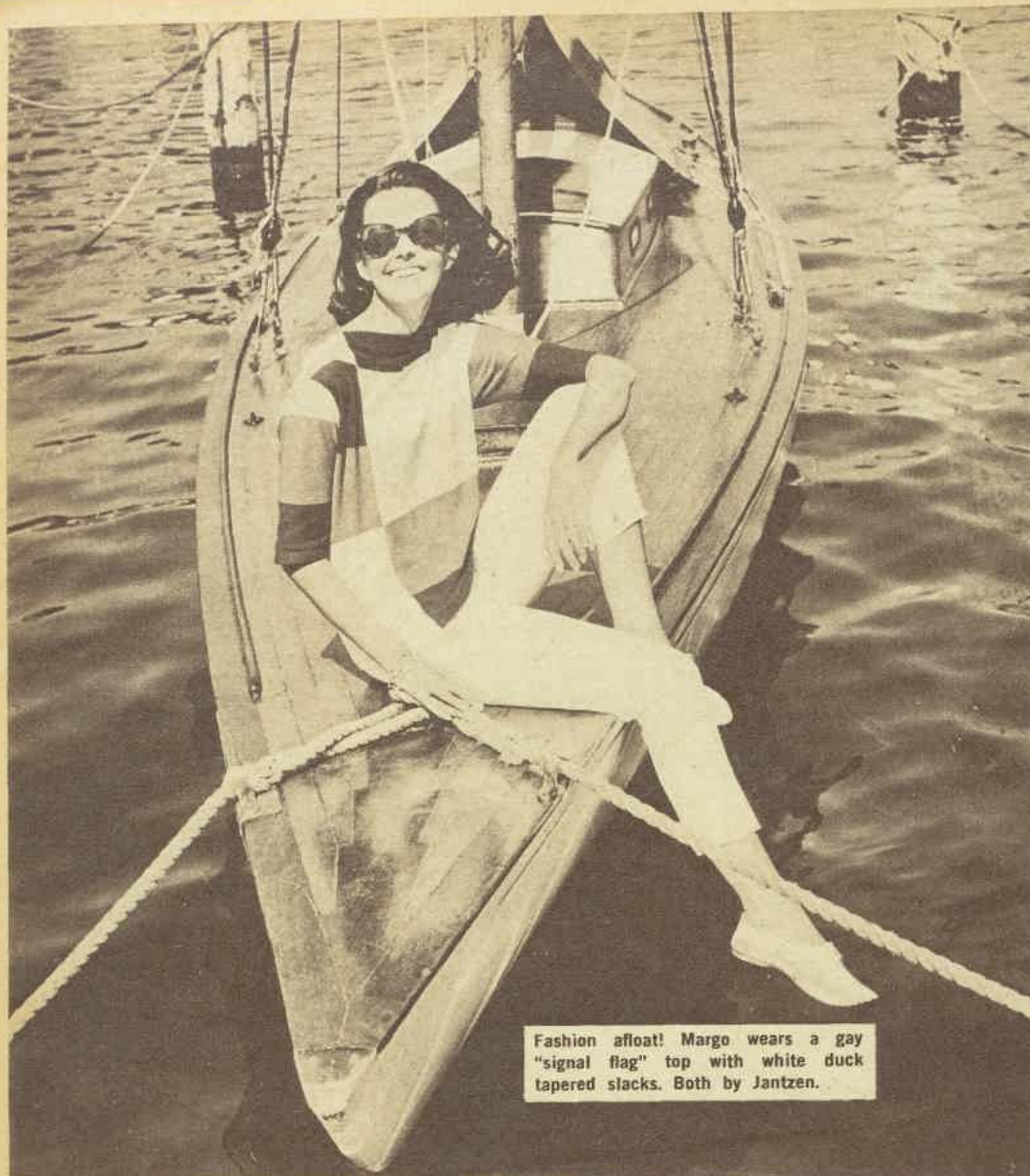
At home or at work coffee cheers you up. Gives you a little extra get-up-and-go. And see how you spark to the hearty, rich taste of it!

Coffee is mighty good company—and it makes you better company.

Ideas flow and friendships grow over a cup of coffee.

Drink it often! Enjoy coffee at mealtimes! Relax over coffee at your favourite restaurant! For lively satisfaction, nothing else comes close.





Fashion afloat! Margo wears a gay "signal flag" top with white duck tapered slacks. Both by Jantzen.

Most women ask lovely Margo McKendry this same question...

"How do you stay so slim?"

This internationally famous, top-fashion model says there's no secret in staying slim and full of vitality.

"Strict dieting is out for me," says Margo, "I keep slim the easy way. Lots of exercise, a sensible diet and Ryvita every day."

This simple 3-point plan to new figure beauty can be just as effective for you. Reach for Ryvita instead of heavier breads. You'll soon lose unwanted inches—and gain fresh vitality. Ryvita is rich in whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins. Crisp. Sustaining. Delicious—with any meal.

Always fresh because Ryvita is sealed in packets. Treat yourself to new "second look" figure loveliness. Make Ryvita your daily bread.



RYVITA



Wherever Margo travels she enjoys Ryvita—famous all over the world.

MAKES YOU FIT - KEEPS YOU SLIM

Continuing . . .

CAFE de GRENELLE

from page 31

Pierre murmured something that sounded like, "Ah, well then . . ." and gave her his undivided attention while she recounted her ideas on the history of Julie Valentin and Marcel Driant.

When she had finished he rubbed his chin thoughtfully, seeming to consider the matter. "What makes you think that a girl I don't even know will just sit down and tell me the story of her life?" he asked.

"Ha!" Gabrielle trumpeted. "Why do you suppose I selected you? Do you not think I have seen you at midnight with a girl you didn't know at 10 o'clock?"

No general in history had ever assessed an enemy's weakness more accurately. Pierre smiled and nodded. "Well, perhaps it could be done," he said, and then, after a barely perceptible pause, "I believe you mentioned money?"

GABRIELLE was already regretting this. Now that she knew her fish was caught it seemed a considerable waste. Then, quite by chance, she saw Pierre's half-consumed aperitif sitting on the bar, and a triumphant solution occurred to her. "Well, that," she said. "I wasn't actually thinking of money. After all . . . money between friends . . . What I had in mind was that, while you were here—while you were with the girl, working on this mission, so to speak—you would pay for nothing. All of your drinks—and hers, too—would be at my expense!" She made it sound as though she were conferring a duchy on him, but in fact she knew that she was reasonably safe. Julie never drank anything but hot milk, and Pierre could not possibly consume more than five francs' worth of aperitif and still be able to walk.

Pierre studied the proposition for only a minute. There should, he thought, be some way to better it, but he knew his opponent. "Very well," he said. "I accept. You say she

usually arrives about nine o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Good. I shall return after dinner. In the meantime I shall devise a plan."

He reached across the counter and they shook hands. The bargain was concluded; the campaign officially opened.

Julie arrived just a few minutes before nine. It had been a cold, grey, intermittently rainy day, perfectly typical of the last days of March, but in spite of this—or perhaps because of it—she had chosen to wear a raincoat of shiny pale pink over a green frock. With her coppery hair, windblown and gleaming, above brown eyes and strawberry lips, she seemed a slender vision of spring in the steamy, oaken interior of the Grenelle.

Gabrielle beamed at her; Victor, who appeared to be muttering something to himself, nodded gloomily; and Rene ushered her ceremoniously to the corner table. She had no way of knowing that this was due entirely to the fact that the occupant of the cash desk had an unobstructed view of this table and those on either side of it, and if her reception seemed a good deal more flowery than usual she failed to notice it.

The truth of the matter was that her mind was on other things. The latest letter from Blanche gave clear indication that her stratagem might, in time, show results, and she was in haste to answer. A good part of her day at the Bon Marche had been spent in inventing the necessary details, and the sooner she got them down on paper the better.

From a capacious bag she extracted a ball-point pen and a writing tablet, and set to work. Even Gabrielle could not read upside down at this distance, but had she been able to she would have been astonished, because what Julie was writing began thus:

My darling Blanche—

I am writing this, as usual,

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HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



"Much of a struggle?"

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

from the little cafe I have told you so much about. The weather is still awful, and my room is freezing. Why I should be paying for central heating I will never know; I certainly don't get any.

Jacques is to meet me here a little later, as he always does on Wednesdays. He is having some sort of script conference at the Radio-Television, and I came early on purpose, so that I would have time to answer your lovely . . .

It was at this point, in the full flow of artistic creation, that Julie was interrupted by a young man seating himself at the next table, and bumping into her in the process.

At his murmured, "Pardon," she glanced up and found herself looking into a pair of startlingly black eyes, which regarded her with what she instantly recognised as a frank appraisal and open approval.

"I'm terribly sorry," Pierre said. "I'm afraid I am very awkward in the presence of beautiful ladies."

Uneasily aware that she was blushing, Julie said, "It was nothing," and pretended to return to her letter. Unaccountably, however, her hand was trembling slightly, and she had completely forgotten what she had planned to write. Only for an instant though; then she was seized with pure inspiration, and the pen began tolling furiously.

Newsy letter.
But first, it has just occurred to me that I have never told you what Jacques looks like. He . . .



Keeping her head studiously over the paper, she tried to sneak a sideways glance at the man beside her, but at precisely this moment she was startled into sitting bolt upright by a sort of muffled explosion from the direction of the cash desk. Gabrielle appeared to be straining, and Julie's eyes went wide in alarm.

THEN, to her surprise, her neighbor laughed. "Don't worry about Gaby," he said. "She always acts that way when I order brandy. She doesn't think I can afford it—and she has reason. I can't."

In spite of herself, Julie smiled. In La Rochelle it would never have occurred to her to smile at a perfect stranger in a cafe. But then, she thought wryly, in La Rochelle she would never have been sitting alone in a cafe, writing a letter about an imaginary man. "Gaby?" she said. "Is that her name? I never knew."

"It's really Gabrielle, of course. Gabrielle Raymonde Corteville." His voice had a pleasant roll to it, dwelling lightly on the r's, and calling up memories of the lyric songs of the troubadours.

"And your name?" he said. "Let me guess. You will be surprised at how good I am. One thing, for instance, I know immediately. It is not Brigitte. No, thank heaven, you are not the Brigitte type. Nor are nine-tenths of the girls who think they are, but that is another affair. Let me see. It begins with J—the initial on your bag tells me that. But then what? Josette?"

Continuing . . . CAFE de GRENELLE

from page 38.

No—not Josette. Juliette? Perhaps, but too formal. Julie? Yes, that is it—it must be Julie."

Julie's eyes were great, brown pools of wonder. "But how on earth did you guess?" she exclaimed.

Pierre looked deep into the pools and, on an impulse he could never have explained, threw away his whole carefully devised plan. "I didn't guess," he said. "Gaby told me."

Involuntarily, Julie glanced toward the cash desk. "But how did she know? I've never told her."

"My dear Mademoiselle Julie," Pierre said, with mock solemnity, "there is very little that happens

within gunshot of this cafe that our Gaby does not know about. She manages to concern herself in the affairs of everyone who comes in here. About you, for example, she worries."

"Worries? About me? But why, in heaven's name?"

Pierre shrugged. "She thinks you are lonely. She sees you come in here, always alone, and always to write letters, and she worries. In her opinion . . ." he paused abruptly, and smiled, "and in mine, too, for that matter, it is a bad thing for a lovely girl to be so

much alone, writing letters and drinking hot milk."

Julie glanced self-consciously down at her cup and the almost forgotten letter. "Well," she said suddenly, "since you seem to know so much about me, what is your name?"

"Pierre," he answered readily. "Pierre Boileau."

"Oh," Julie said. "Pierre. That's too bad."

"Too bad? Why should it be too bad? It's a perfectly good name!"

"Oh, it's not that," Julie said hastily. "Of course it's a good name. It's just . . . well, it's just that I thought it might be Jacques."

"It is interesting, that. And just why did you think it might be Jacques?" Pierre asked.

A little area of bright pink, almost matching the strawberry mouth, appeared on each of Julie's cheekbones. The effect was delightful, and Pierre was overwhelmed with a feeling of gratitude to Gabrielle.

"I shall tell you what we will do," he announced. "We will send back that absurd hot milk, which is now quite cold, in any case, and you will have something proper with me—a creme de menthe, or something—and you will tell me why you thought I might be called Jacques."

The proper reaction to this of a well-brought-up-girl from La Rochelle should certainly be anger,

To page 42

Crumbs — it's a good idea!

CORN-CRISPED COOKING



Here's a delicious new way to cook CUTLETS, CHOPS, FISH, CHICKEN, SAUSAGES, and POTATOES! Corn-crisped cooking is crisp, golden — with that special home-cooked flavour . . . and easy as 1—2—3!

Try it and see.

Easy as 1-2-3

No shortening!
No frying!
No turning!

BAKING TIMES & TEMPERATURES

(Vary baking times according to taste)

Fish	20 mins. at 375°F
Chicken pieces	1 hr. at 350°F
Cutlets	45 mins. at 350°F
Chops	45 mins. at 350°F
Parboiled potatoes	1 hr. at 400°F
Skinless sausages	40 mins. at 350°F



DIP pieces in Nestle's Ideal® Evaporated Milk (thin milk just won't do).



ROLL in seasoned Kellogg's® Corn Flake Crumbs or crushed Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



BAKE on Alfoil to golden crispness . . . see baking chart above.

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HOOVERMATIC WASHER

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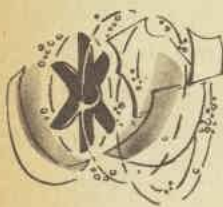
washes, rinses, spins 5 LOADS while other washers are still on their first

Even a wash of five different fabrics can be ready for the line in less than half an hour



HOOVERMATIC'S TWIN TUBS HANDLE A DIFFERENT LOAD, A DIFFERENT FABRIC EVERY 5 MINUTES!

Imagine! While one load is being busily washed, *another* load — perhaps a load of different fabric is being rinsed and spin-dried ready for the line. There's no waiting . . . no time-wasting emptying and refilling — no waste of soap and hot water. Hoovermatic's exclusive boiling action pulsator and speedy twin tubs gently and efficiently wash a different load, a different fabric — every five minutes.



Exclusive "Boiling Action"

Hoovermatic's unique pulsator swirls sudsy water through the wash with an action just like boiling. Washes the dirtiest work clothes boil-clean in just four minutes, or woollens in one. Test laundries have proved Hoovermatic's washing action is more efficient than any other.

No other washer is so fast — no other so handy. It will wash big loads of whites (as many as eleven shirts at once) — will take a double blanket with ease. It will wash load after load — 6 lbs. in the wash tub, 6 lbs. in the spinner — faster than you can hang them on the line.



PRICE:

127 gns. Heater model 6 gns. extra

Automatic timer thinks for you — stops needless overwashing. Safety spinner lid operates spinner — safe from curious little fingers. Built-in heater boils water if necessary. Stainless steel wash tub for lifetime service. Ideal size for kitchen, bathroom or laundry — glides freely on concealed castors.

HOOVER



Proved in over 500,000 Australian Homes

HW.55 WHITE

How did Aunt Gertrude cope?

● A busy housewife and mother needs good humor and stoical patience when she has the added burden of an elderly, frail grandmother in the house. A reader struggling with the problem remembers the shining example of her indomitable Aunt Gertrude. She writes...

THE main reason I am attempting to cope with my present problem is the suspicion that somewhere, up on a cloud, Aunt Gertrude is keeping an eye on me to see how I make out.

When my Aunt Gertrude's great heart finally failed her, the local clergyman firmly brushed aside family suggestions for "suitable" hymns for her funeral.

He substituted the triumphant Easter hymn beginning: "The strife is o'er, the battle won." He knew my Aunt Gertrude.

Lame dogs

Aunt Gertrude not only forsook marriage to look after her parents — I can only remember my silvery-haired grandmother, who divided her activities between knitting for pensioners and orphans, reading her Bible, and praying for the Russians — but kept paying guests, was a pillar of her church, sewed for hospitals, and provided a refuge for lame dogs of all descriptions.

If any of her numerous brothers and sisters needed a rest or were convalescing, they were fed back to health at Aunt Gertrude's.

Droves of relatives and friends dropped in for meals at all times.

No one would ever have had the nerve to call her "poor Aunt Gertrude," and when one of her supposedly penniless lame dogs surprisingly left her £1000 she gave most of it away.

Despite her numerous activities she always seemed to have time to go fishing with small nephews and nieces or scramble over the rocks with us, tolerating the masses of smelly seaweed and shells we brought home with us. We adored her.

I wish Aunt Gertrude could have willed me some of her stamina, for who could imagine her yielding to the occasional wild-eyed despair, rage, pity, irritation, and subsequent self-reproach that rule my attempts to care for an aged mother.

I am not alone. Hundreds of Australian couples every year face up to including in

their domestic circle a once-busy, active housewife who is perhaps too old to look after herself, bored, sick, lonely, and with perhaps no friends or outside interests.

How do they cope? All suggestions will be gratefully received.

Fathers seem to present very few problems. They, alas, are not as durable as their wives.

HOME AND FAMILY

A friend in the same boat points out wryly that in most families there is one child who is parent-care prone.

While brothers and sisters suddenly develop wives who have an allergy to mothers-in-law, and rugged husbands

who refuse to have a member of their wife's family in the house, the parent-prone one has a kindly mate who says: "Poor old coot — she might as well come here."

And there you are with a tenant in the guest-room for years.

Having one in the home has made me so grandma-conscious that I find myself collecting statistics. For every letter printed about unkind modern children, I could quote homes that have bravely dealt with a "difficult" Mum for years.

And when death frees the family, the love which has been buried under the petty and great irritations remains — they miss their parent, forgetting the strife, the accusations (so common!) of stealing their money, of neglect, the de-



people in these modern days, do they? All the young things think about is pleasure — pleasure — pleasure!"

Well, surely there's no crime in thinking, Mum, but with husband, home, children, and Grandma, there's precious little time for it.

Loss of privacy, the threat of Grandma's pills to the toddler (an American survey revealed them as a fruitful source of child poisoning), the inevitable audience for small family arguments ("My dear husband never raised his voice to me"), the endless searches for lost handbags, glasses, and goodness knows what "The children must have taken them"), and self-pity all round — these are some of the hazards of living with Grandma.

And the blessings? Well, grandchildren don't mind Granny. In fact they love her. There is a link between the very old and the very young that is sweet to see.

Good example

Children are beautifully uncritical of the failings of the old, and only remember that Grandma reads to them, and is never in a hurry.

One might be forgiven the unworthy thought, too, that, with parental example, one's own children might not be so eager to dispense with their parents when the time comes.

Age comes soon — and I try hard to remember that the grey, often sad woman who loves to talk about her ills was once gay, attractive, and mad about boys.

But I wish I was more like Aunt Gertrude.

HAVE YOU A STORY?

● Our popular series "A mother's story" is a year old.

IT created so much interest everywhere, not only among mothers, but with fathers, career women, and others, that we now invite any reader with a human-interest story to tell it. Naturally, mothers are included in this wider series.

Stories can be any length up to 1500 words. They should be true and tell about

a family or personal problem or crisis and how it was resolved (if at all).

We will pay from £5 to £20 for each story published, according to the amount used and its value. (Write on one side of the paper only, please.) Please address contributions to "Home and Family Section," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Seeing Norma Jackson put me in a spin! She looked so young!



Why, Norma Jackson!
Joan! Well, fancy seeing you. It must be ten years. Have you time for coffee?



Norma, I must ask you, you have such a lovely complexion. How do you do it?
Simple! Palmolive soap facials. They can help almost any girl to be younger looking.

Palmolive Beauty Plan gives New Life to your complexion

Doctors prove that Palmolive Beauty care can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days. From the very first day you use it you'll discover that Palmolive soap beautifies as it cleans. Palmolive soap with gentle olive oil is so mild, so pure,

its rich, creamy lather cleans so thoroughly that it gives new life to your complexion. Start your Palmolive Beauty Plan today — because only Palmolive with gentle olive oil gives your skin the care of a real beauty treatment.



Look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- * Fresher, brighter complexion
- * Complexion clearer, more radiant
- * Less oiliness
- * Added softness and smoothness
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PALMOLIVE CONTAINS gentle olive oil

If your skin is inclined to be dry, use new creamy PINK PALMOLIVE enriched with pink beauty cream, sister-in-beauty to famous GREEN PALMOLIVE.

D. 1258

Julie thought, but on the other hand . . . "It can't do any harm," she said.

"Splendid! What will it be, then—a creme de menthe?"

"You said you couldn't afford it."

"Ah, but tonight I can."

Julie laughed. "All right, then, a creme de menthe."

For Gabrielle the rest of the evening was pure horror. Before it was over and the door had clanged down behind the departing figures of Julie and Pierre, the count had risen to four brandies and two cremes de menthe; and she had been able to do nothing but sit helplessly by and watch Victor pour out measurements he would never have considered giving to a paying customer.

Her mood on the following morning was still so grim that she took

Continuing . . . CAFE de GRENELLE

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no notice of a fact which, normally, would have given her greater pleasure than a major scandal. This was, quite simply, that the sky, which had been the color of lead since early November, was blue. And in the transformed light Paris was transformed. Sunlight washed the old buildings of their winter drab and they stood forth proudly, pearl-grey and new again. The air, which had been cold and wet, was soft and warm.

To all of this Gabrielle professed to remain indifferent. She scarcely spoke to Victor, and the fact that this seemed to bother him not at all only increased her annoyance. When Pierre finally appeared that

evening his first words drove anger from her mind, and replaced it with consternation.

Placing a brand-new ten-franc note on the counter, he said, "My dear Gaby, I have decided that I must pay you for all the drinks of last night. In my old age I do not want to look back and recall that I met my wife through fraud."

Both Victor and Gabrielle stared at him. "Yes, it is quite true. I have decided it is Julie that I have been looking for all these years."

Gabrielle recovered first, and her eyes narrowed. "You," she said in-

credulously, "You and Julie? But what about this Marcel? Is he not her childhood sweetheart?"

Pierre frowned. "This Marcel, as you term him, is the proprietor of a department store in La Rochelle, and if, by 'childhood sweetheart' you mean that it was always understood that they would one day marry, then yes, that is, what he is. Actually, if it weren't for Jacques I wouldn't think she really cared very much about him."

Gabrielle was lost, and it was a feeling she never enjoyed. "Jacques? Who is Jacques?"

He is imaginary. This Marcel, it appears, is always too busy to write, so Julie gets most of her news of

him from the girl, Blanche, to whom she writes on Wednesdays. This annoyed her, so two weeks ago she stopped writing to him, and at the same time began filling her letters to Blanche with stories of all the fascinating things she has been doing in Paris with someone named Jacques, who is a writer, and who does not exist at all."

"Ha!" Gabrielle said. "Assuming that Marcel would hear all about this, just as she heard about Marcel—from Blanche!"

Pierre nodded, and Gabrielle clucked admiringly. "It is very clever, that. I could not have done better myself."

"Clever, yes," Pierre agreed. "But where does it leave me?"

Gabrielle considered this. "At first approach," she said, "it would appear to leave you somewhere between an imaginary Jacques, who is a successful writer, and a real Marcel, who is a successful businessman."

"Precisely," Pierre said.

She studied him thoughtfully for a moment. "You are serious in this matter of making Mademoiselle Julie your wife?"

"I have never been more serious about anything in my life."

"Hmmm." It was the tone of the General who has arrived at a decision. "In that case, there is a very simple solution. You must publish a volume of poetry and acquire your own gas station!"

Pierre smiled, and rapped a determined fist against the cash desk. "If that is what is required, then I shall do it!" he announced.

"Bravo," Gabrielle cried, and at the same moment, from the doorway, Julie said, "Do what?"

The night before, the pink raincoat had seemed a gesture of defiance to the dying winter, but today it was a bright welcome to the showers of spring.

"Bonjour, Gaby," she said, and looked again at Pierre. "Do what?"

"Ah, Julie . . ." His arm sketched a gesture that could have meant anything, or nothing.

"A secret, already?" she said.

Gabrielle had been watching Julie's face, and what she saw there seemed to satisfy her. "No secret, Mademoiselle Julie. Just a plan, for the future."

Julie nodded. "Of course. It is a day for making plans for the future." She slipped an arm through Pierre's. "Come, I want to walk a little before dinner."

"Will you have an apéritif before you go?" Gabrielle said; then swallowed hard. "Or a creme de menthe, perhaps? With me?"

Julie laughed. "Thank you, Gaby, but I don't think we should. That sort of thing was for Wednesday." She looked up at Pierre. "Today I want to hear about this plan."

She led him into the rue de Grenelle, where they stood for a moment, just looking at each other. Gabrielle watched them fondly, and sighed noisily. Then, as if to atone for this display of emotion, she belched at Rene. "For heaven's sake, man, why don't you open the door? Can't you see that spring has come?"

"I hope," Victor said, "that you are now satisfied."

"And why should I not be satisfied?" she demanded.

"For one thing, you have broken up a childhood romance."

"Childhood romance," Gabrielle shrugged, and began ticking off essential facts on her fingers. "Firstly—admit that I knew nothing of this Marcel at the beginning, except his name and address. Secondly—admit that what we learned of him was not in his favor. And what becomes of your romance?"

"And the fact that he is rich, and Pierre is penniless? What becomes of that in your scheme?"

"If they have love it becomes of lesser importance. And it is already quite clear that they have love. For the matter of the poetry I can do nothing. But for the gas station . . . There is that old man who comes in at noon, and who is now retired . . ."

Victor raised his eyes toward heaven. "I told you from the first that it was hopeless," he said.

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Choose from a brilliant range of the world's finest gas lighters . . . all with exclusive Ronson Varaflame Control. Ronson Premier pocket models from 120/-.

Available everywhere, Ronson Accessories for gas-powered and petrol lighters. Ronson Butron Multi-Fill and Ronsonol. Ronsonol, the super-refined, smokeless lighter fuel that's best for ALL petrol lighters . . . now in the handy can with the switch-top spout.



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NEED WOODS' TO KEEP THEM RIGHT!

Don't let your children's hacking coughs keep the house up half the night. The next time they start to cough at night or get that tickling in the throat, give them a dose of Woods' Great Peppermint Compound. You'll be amazed how quickly relief comes, and the children will love the minty flavour of Woods' Great Peppermint Compound. Also as a relief against colds, flu and bronchitis you can't do better than take Woods'.

*The Family Remedy. Woods' Great Peppermint Compound is completely safe for every member of the family. Always keep a bottle in the home.

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CORNS

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Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

For every foot trouble there's a Dr. Scholl's remedy.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 22, 1962

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Weekend catering must be easiest in those families which still have the traditional hot mid-day dinner on Sunday. We don't, and I find Sunday's lunch the hardest meal of the week to cater for.

IN the winter I wouldn't mind cooking a joint in the middle of the day, but the trouble would be to round up enough of the family to make it worth while.

The easiest thing, with the children coming and going as they always do on Sundays, is to have a scratch sort of lunch and a hot meal at night when everyone's there to eat it.

Too often that scratch sort of lunch turns out to be sandwiches and coffee, made in a rush at the last minute after a morning spent on odd jobs in the garden; so I've been hunting up some quick and easy recipes to make it less of a workaday meal.

Noodles are in favor with my family at the moment. The ones sold in airtight packages are a handy standby to have in the kitchen cupboard.

Buttered noodles are very easy to do, and go down well with people who like cheese.

You need about 4oz. of noodles for each person; the wide ones are best for this dish. Cook the noodles until tender but not mushy (usually about 15 minutes) in boiling salted water.

Drain until they are very dry, stir into them a generous lump of butter and as much grated parmesan cheese as you need to get the flavor that you like. Leave for a moment or two until the butter and cheese have melted and then serve at once.

If you like a more continental flavor, leave out the cheese and make a garlic-and-oil sauce while the noodles are cooking.

Peel and chop finely four to six cloves of garlic and add them to half a cup of olive oil heated in a pan. Let the finely chopped garlic cook in the oil until it is browned, then pour it over the drained noodles, add salt and pepper, and serve at once.

For this you need to choose a day when you're not going to be in close conversation with any strangers.

Ox-eyes for Sunday "brunch"

IF you're lucky enough to have the sort of family that will sleep in on Sunday mornings and then settle for a fairly hearty combination breakfast and lunch, the French recipe called Oeufs a l'Oeil de Boeuf (ox-eyes) is a good one.

You need one or two slices of toast for each person (depending on appetite), salt and pepper, sour cream, yoghurt or fresh cream, and one egg for each slice of toast.

Trim the toast with a cutter so that it is round. Then cut a circle out of the middle of each piece, leaving at least an inch of bread all the way round.

Put the rings of bread in a flat baking-dish or casserole and gradually pour the cream or yoghurt over them. The cream should be absorbed by the bread, but don't use enough to make it soggy.

Break an egg into each hole, sprinkle it lightly with salt and pepper, pour a thin film of cream over each egg, and bake in a medium oven until the eggs are set but not hard.

You can dress it up and make it an even more solid meal by serving bacon with it, or fried tomatoes or mushrooms or peas.

Abstract art and biology

I'VE been getting a lot of interest and amusement out of a book by Dr. Desmond Morris called "The Biology of Art."

Scientists in several parts of the world have been conducting experiments and making observations to try to understand the origins of modern art.

Of some of his young subjects, complete novices at painting, Dr. Morris said:

"They received no assistance or guidance from us except for the provision of the drawing and painting equipment.

"Attempts to influence the kind of picture produced by provoking imitative responses were always most unsuccessful.

"They sat for long periods in intense concentration and were likely to give way to screaming spasms of exasperation if interrupted.

"Occasionally their attention wandered, and they were inclined to eat the equipment."

What amused me about this was that it was such a perfect description of Mike in the days when he was a three- and four- and five-year-old artist.

He would not be helped or advised or interfered with in any way, he ate great quantities of material because he sucked a brush or chewed a crayon while he was awaiting inspiration, and he yelled with fury if you tried to make him stop to eat a meal or if you were tactless enough to say, "What's it meant to be?"

But Dr. Morris' young artists were not children — they were apes!

Mass production by Congo

DR. MORRIS knew that monkeys and apes had produced pictures before, but many of them had been tempted with bananas and peanuts. He wanted to see if they could produce art for art's sake.

One ape, faced with paper and drawing materials, stared at them for a while without much interest. Then he began to scribble aimlessly. Suddenly the scribbling began to interest him and he started to fill in his paper in a white heat of artistic creation.

"He screamed if we tried to stop him while he was at work," Dr. Morris said, "or if we tried to get him to add another line to a drawing he was finished with."

Well, I should think so! Wouldn't any human abstract artist do the same?

Among Dr. Morris' discoveries is a male chimpanzee artist called Congo, who has produced 384 paintings in three years.

The experimenters have worked with chimps, gorillas, orang-utans, and capuchin monkeys and they've found that these artists have some techniques in common.

They make small patterns on small sheets of paper and large patterns on large sheets. If they are given a piece of paper with a square drawn in the centre, they fill the square with lines. If the square is on one side of the sheet, they balance it by drawing lines on the other side.

Sometimes they paint a circle and put blobs inside it. Dr. Morris doesn't make any claim about these last paintings, but every woman knows that these irregular circles with some cockeyed dots inside are usually titled "Portrait of the Artist's Mother."



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cars had passed on the road, one going up and one going down.
"I'll wait," said Sergeant Lovejoy.

The barman nodded, "What will it be?" He wagged his head in the direction of the new stripes and added, "It's on the house. The boss would want it."

"No, no, no," cried Treugang Ramirez. "Let me, Sergeant, it's my treat! Your promotion! Let me buy."

It wasn't the fact that not one but two free libations were offered that led Lovejoy to succumb, but because it was too complicated to explain.

In a pub whose upkeep he had helped to maintain for some ten years, a man with newly sewn Sergeant's stripes on his sleeve was most certainly entitled to one at the expense of the management, and Love-

joy would have had to confess that he was on the verge of taking the pledge, which would have called for humiliating details. Lovejoy was not yet ready to have his impending nuptials broadcast about the Rock nor the fact that it was bound up with total abstinence. Hence he would nurse a drink or two, the boss would return, he would make his arrangements, and no palaver would be involved.

Ramirez permitted himself the liberty of fingering the new stripes and said, "I am as proud as if it was myself. We will drink to this. What will you have, Sergeant?"

The barman cut in: "First drink for the Sergeant on the house, like I said. You can buy later. What'll it be, Sarge?"

The house would be offended if he called for anything but the best.

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"I'll have a double whisky," said the Sergeant.

"I'll have the same," called Treugang Ramirez, and when the barman looked at him slipped a ten-shilling note on the bar. "To drink the Sergeant's health," he added. "Mine is the next."

With one more in the offing Lovejoy saw no need to nurse the one the barman had set up for him. For full enjoyment he liked to knock it back, feel the shock of its arrival down below, followed by the spreading glow. He knocked it back. Treugang Ramirez did likewise. The barman took a sip of water, raising his glass toward Lovejoy and saying, "Cheer-oh, Sarge."

"Now my turn," cried Ramirez. "Two more doubles."

"Two more doubles," echoed the barman, and set them up.

Lovejoy saw no need to nurse that one, either, since the aforementioned etiquette and protocol now called for him to invest in a third round. He knocked back the second, as did Ramirez.

Ordinarily two double whiskies would not have turned a single grey hair of Lovejoy's head, or brought so much as a bead of perspiration to his lip, and the Sergeant had no reason to fear its effects. Alas, familiar as he was with the

physiology of the Barbary ape, he was less acquainted with that of *homo sapiens*. He had forgotten that, except for the one bender at Hope Cove, he had just come through weeks of total abstinence, and, furthermore, he had not the faintest notion of the metabolic changes brought about by emotional strains, or their unpredictability.

Sergeant Lovejoy thus got drunk quickly and thoroughly and perilously, and not far behind him followed Treugang Ramirez, who was paying for it all. For he had had a momentary flash of cunning intuition which told him that the Sergeant would not have received his Sergeant's stripes for nothing. Ramirez meant to find out why and what it was for, and had no idea what a sterling start had been achieved through the two doubles.

Now the Sergeant was on his third double, and was well away.

The immediate result of these drinks was to muddle Lovejoy's wits so that he became confused as to time, place, and the relationship of past, present, and future. It seemed to him that the final party he had come to arrange had already begun and that he was bidding his last farewell to all those flavors and jolts with which he had so long been familiar. And since there seemed to be no end to the generosity of his dear and good friend Treugang Ramirez, whom he now knew that he loved better than a brother, he began to mix his treats.

Farewell, then, to gin and its inseparable tonic, goodbye to Monkey Juice, adieu cognac, adieu Bacardi, auf wiedersehn to wines red, white, and pink, and goodbye likewise to Sergeant Lovejoy.

FOR the boss, catastrophically, didn't return for over an hour, and by that time the damage was done. Into the interested and sympathetic ear of the barman and the thrilled and fascinated one of Treugang Ramirez, Lovejoy had spilled every last bean concerning himself, the non-existent ape pack, the fact that but two remained and the salvation of the Hemisphere hung upon their immediate copulation.

To Treugang Ramirez, the inspired Nazi patriot, came the knowledge that he held in his hands now or never the opportunity to destroy the last two apes on the Rock, relay the news to the Germans, and thereby break the British.

It was then that Ramirez most desperately deplored his cowardice with regard to firearms. Two well-placed shots from even a small pocket piece, granting that one could pierce the cordon of guards surrounding the area, and for the first time in over a hundred and fifty years the Rock would be without a single one of its good-luck mascots. Panic might well be expected to follow. His dismay would have been even greater had he known how close he was to a penetration of the forbidden zone, for at twenty-minutes to twelve there came to Sergeant Lovejoy, now ninety-tenths sozzled and practically paralyzed from the waist down, one of those awful moments of clarity which have been known to visit a drunken man shortly before a complete pass-out.

It began with an unexpected and short-lived unclouding of his vision which enabled Lovejoy to make out the time on the face of the bar-room clock and for it to penetrate that he was just twenty-five minutes away from having to steer his car up the mountainside, utter the password, let himself into the caged area with his keys and begin the midnight to eight watch over Scruffy and Amelia.

Twelve o'clock midnight would soon be booming from all of the Gibraltar tower clocks; Major Tim Bailey would be sitting himself in his vehicle and departing the area; Sergeant Lovejoy would not be arriving. Neither his hands nor his legs were any longer his own. At any instant the fog of fumes would once more descend and becloud his brain and he could be caught absent from his post, derelict in his duty, drunk on guard, and all the other

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concurrent crimes they could cook up against him.

But worse, the two apes would be alone and unwatched for eight hours until Major Bailey returned.

If, during that time, "it" happened, nobody would know. And if, as seemed much more likely, unobserved and unattended, Scruffy were to choose this period, free from surveillance, to kill Amelia, ape slaughter would be added to the list of crimes charged against the Sergeant. It was indeed a farewell party that somehow he had been inveigled into staging. Good-bye to his stripes, Miss Boddy, and every-

thing. "Oh, blimey," groaned Sergeant Lovejoy. "Got to go! Apes! Midnight! My trick!" And then he repeated, "Oh, blimey," and added, "Legs no good."

Nor indeed were they, for when he tried to rise from the table at which he had been sitting they buckled under him.

Treugang Ramirez was drunk, too, but not all that drunk, for he had managed surreptitiously to pour some drinks out and leave others half consumed in his determination to probe Lovejoy's secrets. He was far tighter than he had ever been in his life before, but still able vaguely to cerebrate and function.

"What is it?" he said to the Sergeant. "What is the matter?"

The instant of clarity still lingered long enough for Lovejoy to know that he was trapped and by his own weakness. He could never make the car, much less the Rock, under his own steam. "The hapes," he moaned. "My trick! Midnight. Got to get there. Can't drive."

And here Ramirez showed that he could improvise. "I'll drive you," he said, "I'll take you."

LOVEJOY was now fighting against final mists which were closing in upon him and through which he saw Treugang Ramirez, not as a nasty-looking little man wearing a Prussian hairpiece and thick-lensed spectacles, but as his saviour angel descended from heaven. "Will you?" he muttered. "You're a pal, Ramirez. I always said you were O.K. Password for tonight! 'Silly mid-on.' Get it? Cricket! Keys in m' righthand pocket. Door sticks when you unlock it. Got to lift it a bit. That's all."

Between them the barman and Ramirez managed to get Lovejoy out of the pub and into the car. It was fourteen minutes to twelve. The barman helped Ramirez into the driver's seat and asked, "Can you make it all right?" Ramirez nodded. "Look after him," the barman said, "he's a good bloke, Lovejoy. None better."

"I'll look after him," Ramirez promised. "You're a good scout," said the barman. "I didn't think you had it in you."

Fighting off the fumes of alcohol in his own head Ramirez got the engine going and started off through the sleeping town, past the Moorish Castle and on up the hill. Two-thirds there he was met by headlights going down the hill, and knew from what Lovejoy had spilled in the bar that this must be Major Bailey descending. He didn't dim his own headlights and in the glare Major Bailey saw only that it was Lovejoy's vehicle and not who was at the wheel.

As they approached the zone in which the apes were kept and Ramirez saw a flashlight signalling in the middle of the road, he slowed down sufficiently to pull Lovejoy erect beside him. When he arrived at the military road-block and the light momentarily was shone upon them he managed to repeat the password "Silly mid-on" and was waved through. He had already possessed himself of the keys in Lovejoy's pocket as directed and let himself into the area of the cages and cages within cages.

Inside he found everything as Lovejoy had described it. In one corner of the inner cage sat a full-grown female monkey, a most ugly and ill-favored specimen whose eyes didn't seem to match, and who huddled in the corner moaning and making little chattering noises.

In the other corner, wide awake, his honey-colored eyes glistening

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with malevolence, sat Scruffy, the ape who had stolen his wig, and the last surviving member of the Gibraltar pack.

For the moment the vista opening before his eyes of success unparalleled conquered the quantities of alcohol he had consumed and made Ramirez temporarily sober and able both to think and to act. The plan was already whirling about in his head. Somewhere, somehow, he would come upon the weapon wherewith to exterminate the last two remaining apes: and not only that, but in the morning Sergeant Lovejoy — Sergeant indeed — would be found in a drunken slumber upon the scene and blamed for it.

The first thing to be done was

to get Sergeant Lovejoy out of the car and on to the premises. The second was to secure a weapon.

The former called for a serious effort, during the execution of which Ramirez discovered that he was not as sober as he thought he was, but still he managed.

With Lovejoy deposited on a bench Ramirez next set about the problem of the weapon. He knew that if he could lay his hands on a firearm, frightened as he was of them, he would not let this opportunity escape him. He recalled a

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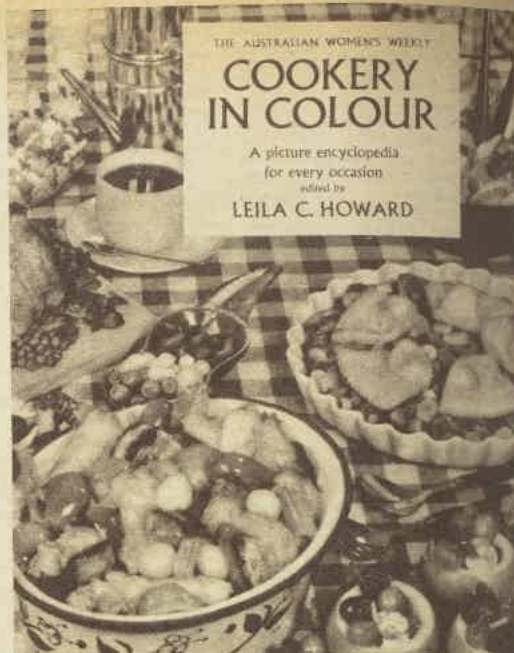
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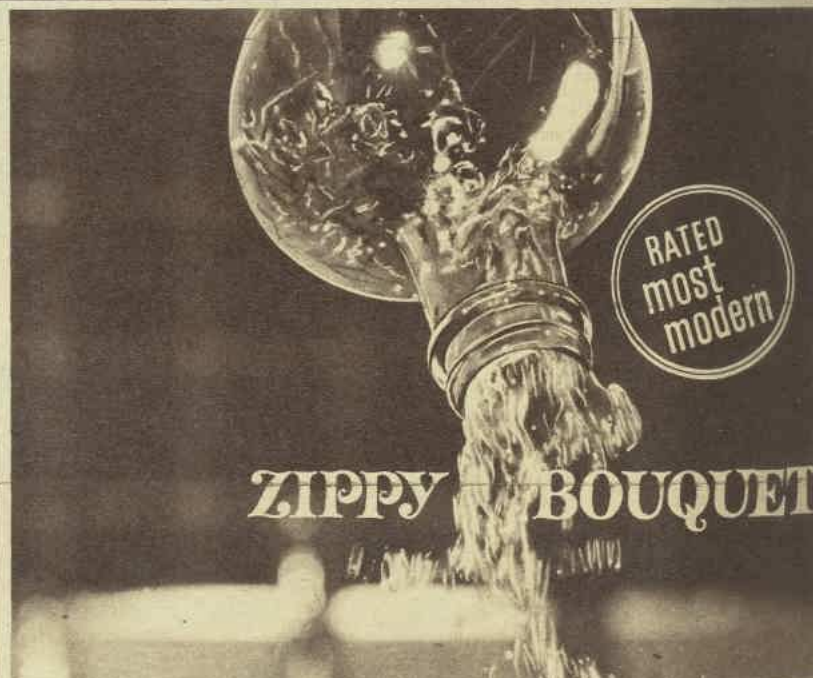
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small shack at the entrance of the cages, identified by Lovejoy as the headquarters of himself and Major Bailey, and it struck him that surely he would find some kind of armament there to be used in case of emergency.

He hurried out and entered the small hut. His first glance showed him that there was no rifle there, not even so much as a pistol in a holster hanging up.

He was about to move off in disgust when a colored box upon the shelf caught his eye, a box with a curious legend on the side which spelled out the word "Partyloons." With trembling fingers he lifted the cover of the box and saw an assortment of more than two dozen colored balloons. Something he had once heard the Sergeant say flashed back into his memory, and he now knew that in his shaking hands he held the means to destroy the last two apes on the Rock of Gibraltar.

"Reduces 'im to a jelly," he remembered Lovejoy saying, plus his admonishment that at the most one or two turned the trick. More might overwhelm their nerves and kill them.

Tucking the box of "Partyloons" under his arm, he returned to the cages and set about his work of destruction as best he was able, for he was still quite drunk and his exertions had further depleted him. Lovejoy was snoring peacefully on his bench and was sure to remain that way until morning, when he would be discovered among the debris of shredded balloons with two dead apes.

There remained now only to send up what might be most aptly termed a trial balloon for the purpose of

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to approach him. For the first time nothing was being thrown at her. She sat a little distance away regarding Scruffy's convulsions with grave and thoughtful contemplation in her eyes. But none of this did Treugang Ramirez see, since he was now completely concealed behind a swelling sphere, and himself growing pretty nervous as to what would happen when at last it blew up.

He didn't have long to wait. Two more deep breaths and puffs exceeded even the most optimistic stresses the Partyloon Company had built into their product.

There was a sudden sharp and ringing pop, frightening even to

one who had been expecting it. A shred of torn red rubber hung from the lips of Ramirez; and, his view now unimpeded, he saw Scruffy in what appeared to be mortal anguish, undone, unstrung, nerve-shattered, and crying for mercy. There was no doubt but that one or two more such experiences would, with their accumulative effect, turn the trick.

But now Ramirez was likewise aware of a curious and unexpected by-product of his effort. As every action had a reaction, every gun its recoil, so Ramirez found that the

rapid and consecutive gusts of boozy wind he had been exhaling into the balloon combined with the unaccustomed poison of too much alcohol in his system had left him feeling weak, a little sick, and very dizzy in the head.

He was feeling most queer, but deemed himself committed now beyond the point of no return. He took a second balloon, a yellow one, and began to blow. He found that he was swaying and so unsteady on his feet that he had to drop to his knees. The effort forced him to close his eyes. Either the yellow balloon was tougher or he was growing weaker, for it seemed to take many more puffs and twice as long before it exploded.

Ramirez reached for a blue balloon and strained. Curtains of blood seemed to be descending over his closed eyes; his heart was pounding,

his lungs heaving, and there was such a roaring in his ears that he hardly heard the bang when it went off. Blindly he groped for yet another, not even aware of the color (it turned out to be a white one), and bravely tried to fill it with what he was now convinced were his last breaths and which he therefore dedicated to that side of his family and their Fatherland which had so long obsessed him.

He blew, but more weakly. Each puff became a hell, but he would not desist. This was his moment of gallantry and devotion above the line of duty. The red before his eyes turned to maroon, then purple; the roaring in his ears a cataract of sound to be followed at last and mercifully by silence and darkness, sweet silence, sweet darkness, sweet

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FROM THE BIBLE

● "Hearken unto this . . . stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God." —Job 37.14.

Elihu, the young man of God, was exhorting Job, even though he was in trouble, to stop and consider the wonderful things God had done.

verifying its effect. Treugang selected a red one, approached that part of the cage where Scruffy crouched watching him, placed the open end to his lips and commenced to blow. The effects exceeded his wildest expectations, leaving no doubt in his mind but that it would work.

At the very first swelling of the article from the size of a lemon to that of an orange to that of a grapefruit, a change came over the big monkey. His lips were drawn back from his fangs, his eyes grew large and filled with terror though he continued to stare transfixed and hypnotised; his limbs began to tremble and he took on every aspect of a person on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

As the balloon increased in size with every puff that Ramirez could muster, Scruffy began to moan and shake all over. He covered his eyes with his paw as though unable to look any more, and then removed his hands as though no longer able not to look. He beat the ground with his feet and his knuckles, tore at tufts of hair on his breast and head, whimpered and cried pitifully; and in general began to come apart.

Larger and larger grew the red balloon, now completely concealing the face and the inflating force behind it, to the point where it attracted Amelia from the far side of the cage. What she saw intrigued her enormously, but didn't frighten her. Whatever the swelling balloon meant to Scruffy, it didn't mean the same to Amelia.

What drew her fascinated attention was her boy-friend's dither and disintegration. The erstwhile bully and tyrant had been reduced to a trembling coward. This didn't in any way diminish her love and admiration for him. It merely put a different aspect on the case. It was no longer dangerous or chancy



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peace that enshrouded him, as quietly he toppled over dead out but still breathing, to join the unconscious figure of Sergeant John C. Lovejoy.

Their complicated schedules permitted Tim and Felicity to snatch breakfast together every other day. Felicity was usually out of the house first, leaving Tim with a few more minutes to digest the two- or three-day-old newspapers flown in from Britain, but on this particular morning he was ununiformed and capped and ready to leave the house at the same time as his wife. She looked at him with astonishment and said, "What, going up early? You're worried, aren't you?" she said. "Is there anything serious—I mean outside of what we know?"

Tim shrugged and said, "Stupid of me, I suppose. I passed Lovejoy going up as I came down last night. Nothing unusual in that, but he didn't dip his lights. He always does. There was such a glare I couldn't see who was driving."

Felicity said, "Well, Lovejoy obviously, if he was going up as usual."

Tim frowned. "That's just it. I wasn't sure. Silly of me. Of course it was Lovejoy, but then why didn't he dip?"

She reached up and kissed him. "Go, my white knight, your country calls." She glanced at her watch. "Damn, and so does mine. Do

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you suppose we'll ever be able to live together like normal people?"

She climbed into her roadster and he into his utility car. They waved farewell to one another and Tim drove up the hill to Ferdinand's Battery fifteen minutes earlier.

Thus Major Bailey was in some measure not wholly unprepared for the shock that awaited him upon his arrival at the apes' village. He let himself into the locked-off area and then proceeded through to the cages, where the sight that met his eyes was one which not only defied description but beggared it as well.

When he had collapsed the night before, Ramirez's flailing arms had somehow managed to dislodge his hair-piece and push it over his face, giving him the aspect somewhat of a man trying to hide underneath a mat. Open at his side was a box of colored balloons and strewn about him was the wreckage of four torn bits of red, white, blue, and yellow rubber.

ALTHOUGH the setting for this mystery tableau was in the great outdoors, nevertheless there was a familiar scent or fragrance that hung about the place and which the educated nostrils of Major Bailey had no difficulty in identifying as of second-hand alcohol.

There was something familiar about the man under the hair-piece. He had seen him before, but could not think where. But if Lovejoy was in a stupor and dead out as he appeared to be, heaven knows what had happened to the apes, and hardly daring to do so Major Bailey turned to the inner cage and looked, and strong man that he was, he thought he might faint if he didn't grasp hold of the mesh of the cages to support himself.

He stared. He closed his eyes and rubbed them hard,

and stared again, and the spectacle remained unaltered. For Scruffy and Amelia were locked in an embrace for which the word close was wholly inadequate.

One didn't need to be a physiologist, a veterinarian, or even an O.I.C. Apes who for two years had lived in close association with the macaque and had made a study of their ways and habits, to know that bells should be pealed, cannons fired, patriotic songs chanted, and a holiday be declared with dancing in the streets, in national costume. For the King of the Apes had consented to receive and bless his Queen.

At that moment Sergeant John C. Lovejoy opened first one eye, then the other, sat up, and gradually what he saw with each eye blended and focused into one scene, and if there was confusion and wonder in the soul of Major Bailey, it was as clear and lucid light compared to what went on inside the Sergeant as he looked upon his Major, the still unconscious Treugang Ramirez, the burst balloons and the oblivious and wholly enamoured couple a few yards away in the cage.

And yet at that very moment when the Sergeant should have been overwhelmed by the grandfather of all hangovers and unable to give the right answer if asked the sum of two and two, his mind was working at a furious and incredibly accelerated speed. What had taken over in Lovejoy, who if nothing else in the first flash had recognized the enormity of the crisis and the depth of the mess he was in, was the instinct of self-preservation. And just as though he had never touched a drop, all the guile, cunning, and accumulated experience of twenty-five years of dealing with the officer class were alert and ready to come to his rescue.

At that moment the mys-

tery object on the floor returned to the world with a deep groan of pain as simultaneously consciousness and the full force of his hangover hit him. He sat up, pushed the hair-piece back into position on the shining egg of his skull and suddenly became once more Treugang Ramirez, but a Ramirez who was looking not at all well. The eyes behind the thick spectacle lenses were bloodshot, the small mouth framed a sickish expression, for what HE saw further reduced him into a state of absolute quaking terror.

FOR he, the great patriot spy and saboteur who ought to have been safely in his home or on his way to his workbench in the Optical Department of the Navy Yard, laughing up his sleeve at the stupidity of the British, was now caught red-handed upon the scene of his crime, surrounded by the evidence of the weapons he had used to commit it, nabbed not only by Lovejoy but that fool of a British officer who concerned himself with the apes, and who would now unquestionably and summarily hand him over to be shot.

And one further guilty glance in the direction of the cage where he expected to see two corpses littering the floor told him that when he was stood up against a wall and riddled with bullets for the Fatherland there would not even be any point in murmuring "Heil Hitler," for he would be expiring ingloriously and in vain. The apes were quite the opposite from dead. "Lovejoy," Tim demanded. "What the devil is the meaning of all this?"

"Meaning of what, Sir?" replied Lovejoy. Never had he needed or wanted time so badly. For his spinning wits had already revealed one aspect of the case against him, he had been asleep at his post when Major Bailey had arrived, not an inconsiderable crime in wartime, and the object on the floor

To page 50

***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting August 15

<p>ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Gambling colors, tan, white. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.</p>	<p>★ Early, it is not propitious for health and employment. Nerves could be tense. Finance and all affairs of the heart are favored. Brighter stars ahead. Don't speculate Tuesday.</p>
<p>TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, green, blue. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.</p>	<p>★ Watch your finances. Unsettling influences outweigh conserving ones. Don't gamble. Love and romance, too, are not favored, but health matters are. A good time for a check-up.</p>
<p>GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, black, pink. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.</p>	<p>★ If you are hunting for that block of land, decide to wait a while. You will have to use patience at home, too. Romance and speculation are favored early in the week.</p>
<p>CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Gambling colors, orange, pink. ★ Lucky days, Fri., Monday.</p>	<p>★ Early, home and marriage matters are good and stable. Friday could be a day of glamor. Invest in a ticket. There could be unexpected trips, although it is not a good time to travel.</p>
<p>LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, green, grey. ★ Lucky days, Fri., Monday.</p>	<p>★ You are still passing through your ascendant cycle, which usually promises success due to initiative. However, use caution and restraint until Monday. Finance and romance improve later.</p>
<p>VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, black, blue. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.</p>	<p>★ This week opens adversely for marriage and personal relations. Good influences are more than balanced by adverse ones. There is, however, a steady improvement after Sunday.</p>
<p>LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, black, pink. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.</p>	<p>★ You are passing through a period in which wishes and hopes come true. Your guiding star is in her own sign, and Wednesday is good for courtship and speculation.</p>
<p>SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Gambling colors, green, grey. ★ Lucky days, Fri., Monday.</p>	<p>★ You will need to use that detective sense of yours for most of this week. There are good influences, but there are also ones that will adversely affect romance, finance, and home.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. ★ Gambling colors, black, pink. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.</p>	<p>★ Celebrated for your wealth of ideas, you will have to be more than usually inspired, especially until Monday. There are adverse influences affecting career, family, and home.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN DEC. 23-JAN. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. ★ Gambling colors, black, blue. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.</p>	<p>★ Most Capricornians are interested in things intellectual, and this week promises unusual mental experiences. Wednesday favors your work, finance, and romance.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, blue, green. ★ Lucky days, Fri., Monday.</p>	<p>★ Use caution at the beginning of this week. It is mainly unpropitious until Monday. Watch finances, don't speculate, avoid lovers' quarrels. If a parent, keep children away from excavations.</p>
<p>PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Gambling colors, orange, red. ★ Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ Your ruling star is greatly hampered this week. Romance, marriage, partnership are adversely affected. It is not a good time to marry, sign contracts, or become engaged.</p>

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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having evolved itself into Treugang Ramirez he had likewise obviously admitted an unauthorised person into the most top-secret and closely guarded area on the Rock.

"You know crashing-well what I mean. Drunk and asleep on duty. Who the devil is that midden on the floor over there? What's the meaning of the balloons all over the place? What's been going on here?"

Rule Number One, Lovejoy's quarter of a century in the Army had taught him, was when charged to show doubt immediately. "Oh, not drunk, Sir," he said sorrowfully. "Not drunk."

The shock of this bare-faced denial threw Tim momentarily out of stride, and now that wonder-worker, that other Lovejoy, the trained psychologist, applied the gambit diversion, and the well-tryed move of changing the subject to

something pleasant. "Coo," he said, indicating the two apes with his glance and ignoring the Major's other questions and accusations as well as the presence of Ramirez. "Look at 'em there like a pair of lovers canoodling in 'Yde Park, Sir. 'Oo would have believed it possible?"

With a rush, joy, excitement, and sense of fulfilment swept through Major Bailey, temporarily displacing the choler which had collected there. "Yes, Lovejoy," he cried. "We've done it, haven't we? Get on the blower from St. Michael's Hut and tell Major Clyde to come up here as fast as he can and bring McPherson. But don't give away what's happened."

"Yes, Sir, I will! No, Sir, I won't," replied Lovejoy, delighted to be allowed to retire from the scene for a moment.

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 49

Back at the cages Tim ignored the groaning man still seated on the floor; it would be up to Lovejoy to explain that one, and once more he turned his attention to the Sergeant, who had returned to report.

"Did you get him?" Tim asked.

"Yes, Sir. He and Major McPherson will be right along."

"Did he want to know what it was about?"

"He was very worried, Sir. Wanted to know if the worst 'ad 'appened. I said he was to cheer up, that life wasn't all that bad, and he'd see when he got here."

Major Bailey nodded approval and then said, "So you weren't drunk last night?"

"No, Sir," said Lovejoy. "Till. Very ill, I'm afraid, Sir."

Tim said, "Humph. What's that stink of booze about the place?"

"My medicine, Sir, I expect," Lovejoy replied. "It's got some funny stuff in it. I can taste it for days afterwards."

Tim said, "Humph," again, and then indicated with his head in the direction of Ramirez. "And that?"

"My pal, Sir. He brought me here. I didn't want to disturb you, Sir. I thought if I got here I'd be all right. I didn't think I was going to pass out, Sir."

"And him?" Tim questioned.

"Was he sick, too?" Lovejoy replied, and then added for truth perforce, "he doesn't look very well, does he?" He tried the subject change again. "The main thing is, Sir, you've pulled it off. You've got the pair together. There ought to be a gong in it for you!"

"Come off it, I wasn't here last night," Tim said curtly, and turned once more to study the situation in the light of Lovejoy's explanation so far. He was wondering whether it would stand up.

And Lovejoy's alert, lively, and brilliantly functioning mind was speculating upon a characteristic of the Army and the sometimes complicated relationship between officer and man. Some officers liked nothing better than to tear a strip off a ranker, but there were others who not only were human but son of a gun downright protective when you were in trouble, particularly if you worked well for them and they depended upon you. The fact that Tim had not chewed him out for the palpable lie about not being drunk, but ill, told the Sergeant that if he could only cook up a story which would slide down the Major's gullet without choking him, he would be home. But what story?

Major Bailey looked once more with undiminished amazement at the twin huddle of monkeys and then at Ramirez.

"Who is this bloke?" he asked of Lovejoy.

Lovejoy's reply was one of those pure, heaven-sent inspirational flashes. The occasion called for a whopping, but digestible, lie. Lovejoy thought he had it.

"He's an expert, Sir. An expert on apes."

"He's a what?" said Tim.

SICK, terrified, bewildered, and baffled as he was, what Lovejoy had just said penetrated to the ears of Ramirez and stirred the first faint whisper of hope within his breast. For some reason he was unable to fathom, the Sergeant was not going to give him away immediately.

"Alfonso Ramirez, Sir," replied Lovejoy, rendering a formal introduction. "Works for Captain Russell in the Navy Yard, Sir. Optical Department. Double A security. But he's an expert, Sir. Used to 'ave apes when he was a boy. It was his idea, Sir."

"What was his idea?" "To scare 'em into it, Sir. It's the only thing we didn't try."

Major Bailey looked from Lovejoy to Ramirez to the loving apes and back to Lovejoy again.

Lovejoy watched him warily, for if Major Bailey had not twigged at least one sequence of events that had taken place that night, he himself had. "Had a case like it, Mr. Ramirez did. Told me about it last night. Owned a pair of lemurs once that wouldn't breed. Scared them into each other's arms and away they went merry as crickets."

"Is this so, Mr. Ramirez?" Major Bailey inquired.

Not only was he not going to be placed against a wall and shot but he was not even going to be found out or punished, or so much as accused of anything. It was incredible, but seemingly true. "Oh, yes," he said. "Every word. It is true as my friend Lovejoy here has told."

Sergeant Lovejoy drew a deep breath, the first since his awakening. Could it be that it really had gone down the Major's gullet smoothly and properly?

"Well, that's how it was, Sir. There was Scruff, one moment shivering and shaking, whimpering and crying; there she was, Sir, eager to 'elp him, sympathetic, warm-hearted. 'Olding out her arms. And the next moment there they were!"

"You devil," thought Tim. "You clever, lying, shrim-shrinking, convincing devil!" But the point was that the story would stand up.

There was a snort and a clatter as a car drew up outside the enclosure and disgorged the Major's McPherson and Clyde.

In the manner of a master showman, Tim stepped aside to clear their view, pointed dramatically, and said, "Behold! The miracle!"

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They stared unbelieving at first, then gave vent to relieving expletives.

Major Bailey, still dramatically pointing, now semaphored in the direction of Senior Ramirez. "We owe it all to this gentleman here," he declared.

The Majors McPherson and Clyde looked in the direction indicated and were momentarily stunned into silence. The person pointed to didn't look exactly what might be expected of the saviour of the key bastion of the British Empire. The physical malaise brought about by the debauch of the night before had abated not one whit; abject terror had but recently been replaced by slowly returned confidence; his rug still wasn't on straight and his clothes were a mess.

"He knows more about apes than any of us," Major Bailey elucidated. "Had 'em when he was a boy. Lovejoy will tell you about it. They engineered it together.

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 50

Frightened the wits out of old Scruff. Reduced him to a jelly. Quivering wreck goes for comfort to loving arms of woman. Once arrived there, nature takes its course. That about the straight of it, Sergeant?"

"Yes, Sir," agreed Lovejoy.

"But it was Mr. Ramirez's idea." He was thrilled about being off the hook and he wanted no part of the credit, and besides, Ramirez had come through like a brick the night before. There was still the unexplained matter of the exploded balloons, but he reasoned that quite possibly during the night Scruff had turned savage and perhaps threatened to kill the female, and Ramirez had resorted to the trick he had heard Lovejoy discourse upon sometime or other in the Admiral Nelson. Anyway, results were results and he had no inten-

tion of pressing the matter further if Major Bailey was satisfied. He loved the Major like a brother and would wish nothing better than to spend the rest of his life serving under him. A man who could not only swallow what he had offered but blandly pass on the same serving to his pals was more than just all right. He was bang on.

They all turned now and gazed fondly upon the temporarily subdued Scruff who enfolded in the arms of Amelia, or vice versa. They had worked so long and hard upon the project, had taken so to heart the message of the Prime Minister that the apes for reason of morale must be kept up to strength, and it seemed as though the burden of the entire war effort had been shifted to their shoulders. Now that for the first time it looked as though that burden was to be lifted and the success of Major Clyde's long-range planning just round the corner, they were filled with relief and joy.

Major Clyde's thoughts then turned wholly practical, and looking toward the future. "Oughtn't we to have a gyno?"

"My heavens, yes," chimed in Major McPherson. "The best!"

"Holy smokes!" cried Major Timothy Bailey. "Me, too!"

They all turned and stared at him.

INCREDU-

LOUSLY the voice asked, "Am I to understand, Sir, that I have been dragged away from my practice in London, my life risked in a flying machine that appeared to be appallingly unsteady, driven by a man who sang and muttered to himself the entire time of the flight, and was obviously unbalanced (as good a description, Major Clyde thought, of Howard Cranch in action as ever he had heard) and set down on this exposed promontory to attend the pregnancy and delivery of a monkey? And you claim at the behest of the Prime Minister?"

The question put by Sir Archibald Cruff closeted in Major McPherson's office with Timothy Bailey and William Clyde was asked not so much in anger as complete and utter disbelief that such a thing could be possible.

It was a moment that Clyde rather had been dreading. He could think of nothing else to say than, "Yes, Sir."

"When you visited me in my office you led me to believe that I was to attend a human patient of national importance in whom the Prime Minister—"

Clyde felt better now. "Look here, Sir, I couldn't explain to you when I called on you in London for reasons of security; there was too much at stake. You might have talked to someone."

Briefly and succinctly, in a well-ordered sequence that would appeal to a scientific mind, he outlined to the great man the facts in the case and all that hung upon the delivery to Amelia of a healthy, active offspring, able to face photographers at an early age and interrupt by its presence the morale-shattering pattern of the decline of the Rock Apes.

Sir Archibald felt all his anger drain away from him, but not his doubts, fears, and anxieties. "But why me, man?" he queried when Clyde had finished his recital. "Why not a veterinarian? There must be half a dozen good men available."

"Not good enough, Sir," he replied. "This situation calls for the best brain, the years of experience and the steadiest hand in the field."

Sir Archibald swallowed the compliment, enjoying its savor, but then said, "That's very kind of you, Major, but you overlooked one important factor—I have never delivered a monkey."

"Does that make any difference, Sir?" Clyde asked, and actually was unable to keep the anxiety from his voice. "I thought monkeys were like—"

"People?" Sir Archibald concluded for him. "Not at all. For one thing monkeys don't call upon the services of gynaecologists to assist them at birth." He paused, and as a new thought struck him quite suddenly he clapped his hand to his noble brow and cried, "What will happen when it gets out back in London that Archie Cruff was called in to midwife a monkey? Look here, Clyde, I won't—"

"It needn't get out," said Tim, "my wife—, you see, we're expecting, Sir—if you could possibly see your way clear to—to accept her as a patient—why then that would be the story which would get back to London. We could see to that, Sir."

It was a straw. Sir Archibald examined Tim more closely now. "Who are you?" he asked.

Clyde reminded him, "Major Timothy Bailey, Sir, O.I.C., that is, Officer in Charge of Apes. It has been his responsibility—"

"Is your wife here?" Sir Archibald asked of Bailey.

"Yes, Sir."

"I thought all of the women had been evacuated from the Rock."

"She's a Wren officer, Sir."

"Oh, I see. What's her name?"

"Felicity, Sir."

Clyde put in quickly, "Admiral French's daughter, Sir."

The stern countenance of Sir Archibald Cruff suddenly brightened. "What," he said, "not old Tubby French's daughter! I used to beat him at golf. I'd be pleased to see him again."

"Will you take her, Sir?" Tim asked eagerly.

"Yes, yes, of course," Sir Archibald replied somewhat testily as though it had all been settled.

"And Amelia?" Clyde queried.

"Well," he said, and left no doubt as to the manner in which the affair was to be handled, "as long as I'm down here looking after Tubby French's daughter, I might as well. Suppose I have to look at the patient."

Three sighs of relief exploded simultaneously and Major McPherson cried, "Splendid, Sir! That's very good of you. I'll have Lovejoy take you to the upper Rock and show you Amelia."

Sir Archibald asked, "Lovejoy? Who is Lovejoy?"

"Their keeper, Sir," Bailey explained, and Clyde added, "He's been with them for more than twenty years."

The Military Hospital of Gibraltar was a huge, sprawling affair of grey blocks with odd Victorian trimming in black. The operating and labor rooms, however, were modern enough, with incubators, X-ray, and all the latest scientific gadgets, and Sir Archibald pronounced himself satisfied with the equipment and the nursing staff as well. There was also a waiting-room decorated in soothing tones which had once been set aside for expectant fathers, and it was here that the three Majors Bailey, Clyde, and McPherson, Sergeant Lovejoy and his bride, the former Miss Boddy, and



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HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE

by Anne Bryant

HAIR BEAUTY ADVISOR



Here's a recipe for a really potent spring tonic which will make you feel — and look — wonderful! The first ingredient is a real determination to discover your own best looks — the second is a sunny new makeup — the third (and most important) is a new hair colour.



If you haven't yet discovered the marvellous beauty lift that goes with a new hair colour, now is the time — but don't think I'm suggesting a startling colour change. What I have in mind is a subtle colour transformation of your own natural hair shade. Just close your eyes for a moment, and picture your hair sparkling with sherry-toned highlights . . . gleaming with spicy brown or glowing gold . . . shimmering (if your hair is grey) with the flattering sheen of pure silver! And this isn't just a daydream — when you use L'Oréal of Paris Color-Glo, the so-easy, so-effortless, so-rewarding hair colouring which brings to exciting life hair glamour which is really all your own.

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discovery in Lipstick Luxury



Photographed in Paris by Patrice Molinaro

Chapeau by Jean Barillet

Felicity forgathered anxiously on the day that medical science, coupled with mathematics, had determined that Amelia would produce.

Tim had been violently opposed to Felicity's presence upon this occasion. The arithmetic in her case had decreed that she was not due for another two weeks and Tim did not wish her exposed prematurely to those grisly exhibits that are always being pushed or car-

ried up and down hospital corridors.

Sir Archibald appeared at the door of the main operating theatre for a moment, gowned but not yet capped and scrubbed.

Tim, who had been chain-smoking nervously, was on his feet instantly. "Is everything all right, Doctor?" he cried.

"Do you anticipate any trouble?" asked Major Clyde. "Oh, Doctor, you will take care of our Amelia, won't

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

from page 51

you?" pleaded Mrs. Lovejoy. Sir Archibald had assumed his professional manner and soothing smile with his surgeon's gown. "We haven't even begun yet. We'll take every precaution, of course. Well, gentlemen, we shall know shortly. Don't excite yourselves. If I encounter any trouble I'll let you know. Not to worry, then." He turned on his heel and strode through the door leading to the operating theatre, like an actor exiting on a good line.

IT was nine o'clock in the evening. The nervously hurrying feet echoed in the otherwise silent hospital.

There was a larger bustle and stir as down the corridor, flanked by two gowned and masked nurses, an attendant wheeled a stretcher table. On the table was a box. Inside the box sat Amelia. She was whimpering softly. Mrs. Lovejoy half-started up from her chair, and her husband laid a restraining arm upon hers and said, "Don't worry, there's nothing to it."

From somewhere in the town a tower clock tolled the strokes of ten, the door of the theatre opened, and Sir Archibald appeared minus gloves and mask, his cap pushed on to the back of his white locks. Instantly he was surrounded.

Sir Archibald blandly waved all queries aside. "Not yet," he said. "We are still waiting. I have come out for a cigarette." The three men in unison pressed smokes and fire upon him. Observing him, Clyde wondered whether the gynaecologist was concealing something from them. Tim was certain he was. The great man did not appear to be entirely at ease. He drew in and swallowed three long drags of smoke, then dropped the cigarette and stifled it with the toe of his boot. "Well," he said, "I'd better be getting along back inside. Not to worry."

Inside the waiting-room heavy gloom began to settle. Tim commenced to pace up and down.

Then they were all aware that the comings and goings of the nurses and messengers began to increase in tempo. Doors banged somewhat more loudly; feet scurried more quickly; and the almost unbearable atmosphere of mystery and tension was increased by the one-way conversations

Sergeant Lovejoy laid a comforting hand upon her arm and said, "There now, Constance, don't take on so. She'll be right as rain. I never saw an 'ealthier specimen."

To Tim the waiting had become a double torment. For all of Felicity's gallantry and lightheartedness the passage of the thermosphygalamometer had shaken him badly, dramatising as it did the fact that birth, which ordinarily ought to be a smooth and natural affair, sometimes isn't.

Major Clyde joined Tim on the well-worn carpet strip and said, "Move over and let

are wanting. The only chance would be a Caesar-ean."

"Then get on with it, man," ordered Clyde. "Do it."

"We lose the mother if we do," he said. "Unfortunately, there is no other choice."

And suddenly it was comedy no longer, not even to the irrepressible Felicity, and for the first time she experienced doubts with regard to her coming ordeal which up to that moment she had faced with fearless gaiety and calm anticipation.

"Damn the mother!" snapped Major Clyde. "It's the kid we want."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU COPPED EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK!



OH NO! I GOT THE KITCHEN SINK.



I SLIPPED ON MY WIFE'S POLISHED FLOOR!!



which were funnelled quite audibly down the long tunnel of the corridor from the switchboard located at the end of it.

And then there was a search by telephone and minions for some elusive and difficult to locate piece of equipment with a name which sounded like thermosphygalamometer.

The thermosphygalamometer came along, justifying its name by turning out to be a terrifying-looking cabinet on wheels from which protruded tubes, arms, clamps, and compressors, festooned with dials and gauges and columns of active and pulsing colored liquids.

The lower lip of Mrs. Constance Lovejoy began to quiver and tears came to her eyes.

someone pace who knows how."

Felicity watched them gravely for a moment, and then said to Major McPherson, "Aren't you going to join them?"

THE four of them had burst simultaneously into roars of laughter which were stilled abruptly when the doors of the operating theatre opened, this time with swift urgency, and Sir Archibald Cruft appeared on the threshold. He was worried, and his alarm at once communicated itself to the waiting group as Sir Archibald said curtly, "She's not presenting properly. She should have been bred much earlier. Special instruments

Mrs. John C. Lovejoy extracted herself from her husband's arms. "Don't you dare touch my Amelia! I'm going in there right now and—"

Desperation had left Tim momentarily speechless, and Felicity fairly ached with sympathy for him.

The voice that brought them all to a kind of shocked standstill belonged to Sergeant Lovejoy. "Look here," he said, "what about letting me have a go?"

"You?" shouted Major Clyde, who for the first time since he had engaged in fighting a war felt as though his nerves might be about to go.

"It's my wife's hape, Sir," replied Lovejoy, "and if it wasn't for me she wouldn't be

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BEST FOR BABY... BEST FOR YOU

in the trouble she's in. If I 'ad 'all a crown for every one of them creatures I'd 'elped when it was in a bit of difficulty—"

Sir Archibald looked sharply at Lovejoy. "What's that you say? You've been present at births?"

Lovejoy snorted. "Like I said, if I 'ad 'all a crown—"

"Never mind your half-crowns, man," interrupted Sir Archibald. "Go in, then, and don't stand there gassing. Get into a surgical gown and cap. The theatre sister will show you how to scrub. Hurry, man—in there!" and he pointed in the door of the operating theatre.

Felicity uttered a plaintive little cry, half-rose from her chair, and then sat down again with the most peculiar and frightened expression on her face. Quite suddenly there was something timorous and child-like in her looks and voice as she said, "Oh, dear, Tim. I don't think I feel very well."

"Oh, my heavens," shouted Tim, and disintegrated completely. "Sir Archibald!" he bawled. "Quick! Get Sir Archibald!"

That individual, who was standing no more than two feet behind Tim, said testily, "Yes, yes, I can hear you, you needn't shout! Come on, my boy, pull yourself together and let me have a look." He pushed Tim aside, examined Felicity briefly with no more than a knowing professional glance, and said, "Ah, well, here we are. And I must say I'm not surprised. I always thought you were wrong about the date."

At that moment the theatre sister appeared at the door and said, "Dr. Lovejoy is ready and waiting for you, Sir."

"What? Who?" said Sir Archibald. "Oh, yes, of course, I'll be along in a moment. In the meantime, take Mrs. Bailey here to Room G and prepare her. Call Sister Thomas and Nurse Agnew. I'll look in as soon as I can."

He started for the door only to find his way blocked by Tim. "You'll do what? To hell with these damn monkeys! You'll look after her right now! She's my wife! You can't leave her!"

"Will someone take this lunatic off me and explain the facts of life to him? It will be hours yet before Mrs. Bailey will have any need of me. In the meantime—" he brushed Tim aside, stalked into the operating theatre and vanished.

IF the purpose of a uniform is to make all men alike or designate the kind of service they perform, the surgical cap, gown, mask and rubber gloves can swallow up the individual inside it more quickly than any other costume, and for the moment Sir Archibald Cruft forgot that it was one Sergeant John Lovejoy, a Royal Artilleryman and Keeper of the Apes, who was inside the garments, and addressed him in the manner of a learned colleague, bandying Latin gynaecological phrases to the effect that the unborn infant on whom Major Clyde and through him the nation was basing its hopes of an important and successful psychological warfare gambit, could not survive another three minutes. It was too late practically now even for a Caesarean section.

Sergeant Lovejoy, looking down upon the suffering creature, said, "Glory be, Sir, you've got 'er wrong end to and top side up to be of any 'elp to 'er. I've seen 'em like this many a time. 'Ere, let me show you, Sir."

Swiftly and with practised hands he turned the ape around on her stomach and then drew up her legs beneath her, putting his arm down just above the top of her head. "When they're out in the wild, Sir, they can get 'old of a branch or a bit of rock for purchase. Now you watch 'er."

Gratefully Amelia was already clutching the brawny forearm of the Sergeant and was moving her body in a kind of rhythm accompanied by shrill squeaks.

"Now what I usually does," continued the Sergeant, "I 'old 'er like this, push a little, and there you are, Sir."

And there it was, a tiny creature with fingers and toes that were almost transparent and a miniature face that was terrifyingly human.

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"Well, I'm blown," were the exact words of Sir Archibald Cruft, the great gynaecologist. "Dr.—I mean Sergeant," he paused in the eulogy he was about to deliver, for the Sergeant was staring down at the body of the monkey, which had not yet relaxed and was saying "ello, 'ello."

Sir Archibald, too, scrutinised the beast. "Dear me," he said, "what's this? There's another one. Do they ever?"

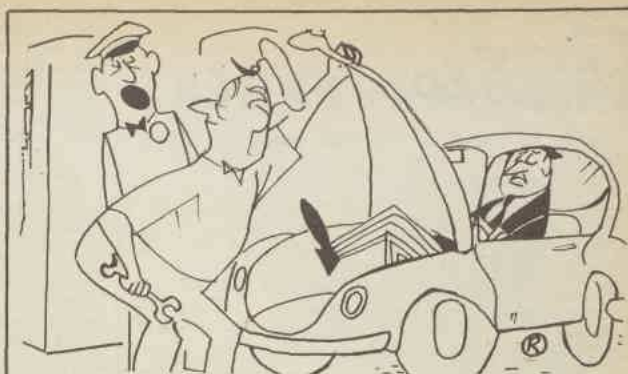
"Not to my knowledge," replied Lovejoy, "but I 'ave heard of it once in ten thousand times maybe, or a million I read somewhere once. But then the second is always still-

born. They ain't got the 'staying power for it, Sir."

"Well, this one isn't going to be," declared Sir Archibald Cruft with a sudden fierceness. "Here, help me. Show me what you did before. We've got to see this little fellow is alive. The thermosphygalometer, Sister."

The theatre sister wheeled the contraption over and now Sir Archibald proceeded to show how and why he was the great man he was. Working surely and deftly he fastened the various attachments in the proper places to stimulate the blood, oxygen, and sugar supply of the beast, bolstered her heart, took

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"... I told you a dozen times — this model's motor is in the back."



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the strain off her pelvis, all the while muttering, "Damn—dest technique I ever saw, Sergeant. Absolutely brilliant. We can adapt that to cases of—" and here he went off into another page-long harangue out of the medical dictionary.

And now it was Lovejoy's turn to look upon the other man with approval, for he understood enough about the physiology of the apes he had attended for so long to be able to see what the surgeon was doing for her.

Amelia began to squeak and chitter again, and her small body moved. "Now then," said Sir Archibald, "how exactly did you hold her?"

"This way, Sir."

"That's it," said Sir Archibald exultantly.

And there was the second, alive and identical to the first.

Sir Archibald gave a perfunctory glance and murmured, "Boy and a girl! What more could they want?"

Sergeant Lovejoy regarded Sir Archibald, his eyes above his mask filled with undaunted admiration. "Blimey, Sir, you've done it! It's never been done before with an ape. Two for the price of one, Sir. Major Clyde won't arf be pleased."

Sir Archibald was not ungenerous. "It's your technique, Sergeant," he said, "and when I write a paper on this I shall give it your name. Well, let's get on with it."

A short while later the door to the operating theatre was thrown open, revealing Sir Archibald and Sergeant Lovejoy, still gowned, with the theatre sister, looking down upon two tiny objects carefully wrapped so that only their faces showed and cradled in her arms.

Sir Archibald's wonderful countenance bore the grand and illuminating smile he re-

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

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served for the occasion. "Twins," he announced proudly. "A boy and a girl."

"Not Felicity," quavered Tim Bailey.

"No, Amelia."

Major Clyde was up and upon them with a whoop and a holler. "Eureka!" he shouted. "Amelia's done it! This will shake the horrible Hun to his heels. What we won't do with this bit of news."

They crowded around to look down into the tiny faces.

Tim was both astonished and startled, for they did not look like monkeys, but humans, or rather caricatures of humans.

Sir Archibald said to the sister, "Take them back to their mother now and see that they are kept warm. I'll look in again in an hour."

And to Mrs. Lovejoy he said, "That mother is doing fine. No complications. Nothing to worry about. Your husband is a genius, madam. You can thank him—"

Major Timothy Bailey seized the great gynaecologist and shouted, "What about my Felicity? Who the hell cares about a couple of lousy—"

Sir Archibald disentangled himself carefully. "Look, here, young man," he said, "I have handled any number of fathers, but you seem to take the prize. It will be at least four or five hours before I can deliver Mrs. Bailey, so you had better save some of that for later, hadn't you?"

At this point a door farther down the corridor marked Room C opened and a young nurse came skimming quickly down the hall. When she reached the group she stood on tiptoes and whispered something into the ear of Sir Archibald which appeared to

startle the great man. "Dear me," he murmured, "you don't say. Well, well!" He turned to Tim and said, "I'll just go along now and have a look at Mrs. Bailey. Not to worry."

Tim put his hands to his head. "Four or five hours," he groaned, "I won't be able to stand it."

"Look here, old man," Major Clyde said, "you won't hold it against us, but Mac and I are going to have to pull out—you know—give us the apelets and we'll do the rest. Well, we've got 'em now, all right. Felicity couldn't be in better hands."

LOVEJOY, who had divested himself of his gown and his new profession, came and stood before Tim, a respectful and affectionate Sergeant again. "Sir, if you like," he said, "my wife and I will stay with you. We've just been through it in a way, so to speak, so we know what it's like, waiting."

But it was not four or five hours at all. It was no more than forty-five minutes later when Sir Archibald appeared, his face once more wreathed in his famous another-Cruff-baby - successfully - brought-into-the-world smile.

Tim, who had been hunched down in his chair, his head buried in his hands, looked up miserably for news of more delay.

"A most remarkable

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

woman indeed," said Sir Archibald. "Had her baby quietly and without fuss in twenty minutes. Didn't even give us time to get to the operating theatre. Didn't need to. Astonishing girl. Wish they were all like that."

"What—what?" gasped Tim. "Did you say—"

Sir Archibald nodded. "A boy," he said, "mother and son doing fine. Come along, let's have a look at them."

Dazed, Tim followed in the wake of the stately pace of the great man to Room C where Felicity sat propped up in bed looking as fresh and blooming as an English rose, and ten times more beautiful.

At the side of the bed in a bassinets was something red and squealing, which at first glance caused Tim to recoil from shock. It looked so much more like a monkey than a person.

"But—but," he stammered, "the faces of the others were so human."

Sir Archibald nodded sympathetically. His vast and impressive experience included dealing with an endless procession of disappointed and panic-stricken fathers. It was the first glimpse that did it to them.

"I know," he said, "it's a bit shaking. However, I can assure you that within a week or so the features of the other little chaps will have turned properly simian while yours will have begun to get over his astonishment at finding himself in our midst and will have commenced, I trust, to resemble his mother. Well, I congratulate you." He turned and marched from the room.

"Tim," Felicity cried, "tell me, what has happened?"

Major Bailey was still badly rattled. "You—you have had a boy," he said, "there—here it is."

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occasions
like this...



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 22, 1962

"Oh, my darling," Felicity said, and voiced all the tenderness and understanding that women have for the ridiculousness of males. "No, I mean—Amelia."

"She—she's had twins! When—when old Crufts came out and announced it I thought—"

"Oh, Tim," Felicity cried, now thoroughly moved to commiseration, "how perfectly awful for you. You must have gone through absolute hell. Oh, why is it so easy for us and so terrible for you? Come here, my poor darling, sit here on the bed and let me hold you and rub your head, you've been through a perfectly frightful time."

But after a while positions were reversed and Felicity was nestled in his arms, where she sighed and said, "Oh, Tim, I'm so happy. I never thought it could happen to me, but it has. I have a real Cruft baby. It's absolutely perfect."

A spark stirred within Tim and was fanned out to a sudden glow. "Damn it," he said, "it's mine. All old Crufts did was—"

"Wave his magic wand," Felicity concluded for him. "It's a Bailey baby."

"Yes, yes," said Tim with



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A.R. TABS

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

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sudden and strange fierceness. "That's it." He got up and went and looked down in the bassinet. Was it his imagination or had the red object begun to look slightly more human? And had it smiled?

"And thus," Felicity murmured to herself, "thank heaven, are fathers born as well."

The British Flag still flies over the Fortress, the cruise ships and passenger liners calling there discharge their quota of tourists with cameras slung about their necks, others arrive by air, touching down on the concrete strip that juts out into the blue bay of Algeiras, others still come by road down the winding coastline of Spain or burst from the folds of the brown hills to cross the border at La Linea.

By car and on foot they spread out over the Rock, to find it an engaging backwater outpost of an Empire which the processes of history have turned into a Commonwealth, with charming people, the best rate of currency exchange in Europe, cheap goods, and some breathtaking views.

Dry-docks and dockyards are still busy; O'Hara's Battery at the pinnacle of the Rock, its cannon as obsolete as Nelson's twelve-pounders and carronades, still pretends to menace the Straits. The ruins of the Moorish Castle and the caves are worth a visit; the service and accommodation of the Rock Hotel are first class and no tour of Gibraltar is complete, of course, without a visit to the famous Barbary apes and their village on the Upper Rock.

They haven't changed. They still pry into pockets for monkey-nuts, sit on shoulders, pull hair, nip fingers, remove windscreen wipers from cars, and make off with handbags, cameras, binoculars, or anything one might be so incautious as to leave around. Another Artilleryman—

Bombardier Bychurch — is Keeper of the Apes, guide and Cicerone to the tourists who come to watch and feed them, and he has a tip-earning patter satisfying enough to the visitors, part of which runs:

"They're greedy little beggars, always on the scrounge. Mind you don't move too quick, ma'am, with him on your shoulders. They're nervous like and don't like quick movements. The apes have been here since 1763, looked after by the Royal Artillery."

"There's twenty-six of them here which is known as the Queen's Gate pack, and twenty-two around on the other side of the Rock called the Middle Hill pack."

"During the war when their numbers was reduced through sickness and privation the Prime Minister sent a special message saying they was to be kept up to strength and accordingly a number of them was sent over from Africa and they bred with the apes remaining on the Rock and them here is their descendants."

THIS is as far as Bombardier Bychurch's knowledge goes; he has, of course, no idea of the means by which this was achieved and the astonishing success scored by the counter-intelligence intrigue of one Major ("Slinker") Clyde in the long-ago of almost two decades past, a success far greater than he or any of the others connected with the affair had envisaged.

For when in June, 1943, the announcement of the birth of twin apes to a Gibraltar Rock ape was made, the impact was a double one.

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Not only did it attest that ape-wise all was normal on the Rock but it shook the scientific world as well, and, carried over the international Press wire, caused as great a stir as had the birth of the Dionne quintuplets.

The effect upon the Germans was exactly what Major Clyde had foreseen. They gave up. And themselves worshippers of science, they actually carried the story in their own newspapers. The propaganda broadcasts with regard to the apes ceased immediately, as did their operation of buying up available Barbary apes in North Africa.

In a fortnight and upon wings supplied by a chastened Group-Captain Cranch, twenty of the finest specimens, male and female, of Barbary apes had been flown to the Rock to establish the quota solicited by the Prime Minister. He was informed that his orders had been carried out, and the newcomers soon adjusted themselves to the life of ease and luxury provided by His Majesty's Royal Artillery. The crisis was at an end and never again threatened.

But all this happened nineteen years ago; Gibraltar today is moulded into the somnolent blessings of peace, and all those involved in the affair scattered far and wide.

Major William ("Slinker") Clyde returned to his University immediately he was demobilised, where he was received by a grateful Master who asked him, "Well, how was it, Bill?" to which the ex-Major replied, "Pretty silly, Sir," and that was the last he ever referred to his wartime experiences. He attained a Professorship at his College and in recent years has turned to writing brilliant and erudite detective novels under a pseudonym which bring him a small fortune.

Felicity has never regretted her choice of mate, for her husband is the youngest Colonel at Staff College and a brilliant future is predicted for him. He can write D.S.O.,

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C.B.E. after his name and he is used constantly on the Rock when some new officer is to be stuck with the post, as an example that even such a doubtful office as O.I.G. Apes can be a springboard to greatness.

Felicity, it might be added, has worn extremely well, and at 42 looks no more than 30. She has put on a little weight, but Tim always liked her better that way.

Her first-born, the boy, Anthony Bailey, is about to go up to Oxford to pursue his studies under the eye of his godfather, Professor Clyde. He has selected science over the Army or the Navy and as a Crufter is certain to make his mark in that field. He has two sisters and a younger brother, also Cruft products.

Five years after the end of the war Sergeant Lovejoy reached the

age of retirement and with his wife bade farewell to the Army, Gibraltar, and the Barbary apes. They returned to England and on a holiday visit to Hope Cove, where they had first met, they found that the guesthouse where they had stayed was up for sale. The combined savings of the Sergeant and the competence left his wife by her relatives enabled them to buy this property, carry out the necessary improvements and decorations, and bring it back as a successful year-round holiday hotel.

With Tim Bailey's extraordinary services being recognised with the C.B.E., it is only natural that his right-hand man Lovejoy should win the lower order of B.E.M., and this dignity was conferred upon the ex-Keeper of Apes in a subsequent honors list.

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

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But John Lovejoy achieved far greater rewards in a pleasant and contented existence with his wife. They like and respect one another and he has made her a good, kind husband and for this he has had a most astonishing and unexpected return. It will be remembered that spinster Constance Boddy had made total abstinence on the part of the Gunner a condition of her yielding to him, and outside of the one rousing wing-ding, the last jamboree at the Admiral Nelson, Lovejoy kept his pledge.

Well, in these late and approaching twilight years Mrs. Lovejoy closes an eye. On Saturday nights Mr. Lovejoy steals away to The Crown and Anchor and has himself

a couple with the boys. He takes stout and lime for old time's sake. And on his return home, even though his steps be slightly unsteady, Mrs. Lovejoy sees no evil, hears no evil, and speaks no evil—a truly remarkable and loving woman.

Howard Cranch is Air-Marshal Cranch, solid with gold braid, medals, years, dignity, and the problems of the jet age.

The Brigadier retired to Surrey, where he raises mushrooms with great success, while Sir Archibald Cruft was gathered to his forefathers only last year, full of honors

and the regrets of the new generation that theirs cannot be Cruft babies.

Sir Archibald before his passing was given a Baronetcy for his many and varied services to humanity, not the least of which was his describing and popularising what he named the Lovejoy Technique to be applied in certain cases of difficult delivery. He was also celebrated, and after a time was able even to joke on the subject, as the only gynaecologist who had ever successfully brought a pair of twin monkeys into the world.

Alfonso T. Ramirez, retired from the Navy Yard and suitably pensioned, still lives at Gibraltar, where he is known as a rabid Angliophile and staunch supporter of the British against enemies past, present, and future.

The manner in which this happy transformation came about was the following: On a certain day shortly after the end of the war two special policemen attached to the Colonial Office appeared at his laboratory, where he was working, and summoned him to accompany them to Government House. Mr. Ramirez went with them, knees quaking, teeth chattering, sweat pouring from his pasty countenance.

He was taken to the office of the Governor, on whose desk reposed a box. Upon his entrance His Excellency arose and made the following speech:

"Mr. Ramirez: During the war you performed a considerable service to the Government and the nation which has not been forgotten. Owing to the nature of that service, of which I need not remind you except to say that by using your intelligence and knowledge of certain species of apes you were instrumental in bringing about a conclusion greatly to be desired, it was not possible to reward you suitably at the time lest dangerous information be conveyed to the enemy. Now, however, it is His Majesty's pleasure to tender you this scroll in appreciation of your deed."

As is well known, the Germans have a built-in forgetter, an apparatus that aids them not to remember past wickednesses. This Mr. Ramirez shared. The awarding of the scroll turned him from phobe to phile. Treugang disappeared forever. Besides, what had the Germans ever done for him?

OLD Scruffy? In any event he would not be alive today. The life span of apes doesn't stretch that far. However, he was denied old age.

One of the imports from North Africa was bigger, tougher, stronger, younger, more aggressive, truculent, possessive, and malevolent. They had it out. Scruffy lost. He went down fighting, bravely, dirtily, gallantly, struggling to do his conqueror in as long as there was still the faintest spark of life in his great grey body, and when it was extinguished his canines were still tight in the flank of the victor, who was himself not counted for very much good or use thereafter from the mauling he had received.

It is sad to be compelled to report that Amelia never got over the loss of Scruffy, for whom her affection remained constant, and she was found dead in a tree by Sergeant Lovejoy soon after Scruffy's passing. The autopsy revealed something gastric and pulmonary, but both Lovejoy and his wife knew that she had died of a broken heart.

There was then a most private subscription initiated for which contributions were received from such diverse characters as the then Majors Clyde, McPherson, and Bailey, Sergeant and Mrs. Lovejoy, the Brigadier, the Colonial Secretary, and even, when he heard about the subscription and its purpose, the Governor.

From these funds was purchased a small bronze plaque let into the concrete platform of the look-out on the Upper Rock inscribed "Scruffy—Amelia, 1945," followed by a single line of epitaph and accolade, "Thanks to Them."

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The novel "Scruffy," published by Michael Joseph, is available in Australian bookshops.



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PRIZEWINNERS . . .

● Here are the prizewinners in our Canned Queensland Pineapple Recipe Contest. They were selected from many thousands of sweet and savory recipes sent in by readers.

£100 FIRST PRIZE

FIRST prize of £100 was awarded to Mrs. J. Nutta-Singh, 7 Mary St., Southport, Qld., for her Pineapple Curry Kofta, an Indian dish which would be ideal to serve at a buffet or TV meal.

PINEAPPLE CURRY KOFTA

Kofta Meat Balls: One and a half pounds lean minced beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cabbage, pinch ground ginger, 1 large onion, 1 clove garlic, pinch ground cloves, 1 green pepper, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt, seasoned flour, oil or fat for frying.

Mince or finely chop onion, garlic, and green pepper. Mix together cabbage, ginger, cloves, curry powder, and meat. Season with salt and add lemon juice, add minced ingredients. Roll into balls and dust with seasoned flour. Shallow-fry balls in heated oil or fat until browned and nearly cooked through. Drain, put aside. Prepare curry.

Curry: Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 onions (sliced), 1 clove garlic (crushed), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon turmeric, 1 tablespoon curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper, pinch cinnamon, 2 large tomatoes (skinned and sliced thickly), 1 small potato (diced), 1 cup pineapple cubes, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups coconut milk (see below), salt, hot fluffy cooked rice.

Heat butter in pan, add onion and garlic, and saute until light brown in color. Add ginger, turmeric, curry powder, cayenne pepper, and cinnamon. Stir well, cook 3 minutes. Add sliced tomatoes, potato, and pineapple. Cook gently 5 minutes, stirring all the while. Add coconut milk and salt to taste. Carefully pile prepared Kofta meat balls into the curry sauce. Cover, simmer gently about 15 to 20 minutes. Do not stir mixture, but shake saucepan lightly otherwise the balls may break up. Make a bed of hot fluffy rice on heated serving-dish, pile curry mixture on top. Serve piping-hot.

Coconut milk: Pour 2 cups water over $\frac{1}{2}$ cup desiccated coconut in saucepan, bring to the boil, turn off heat and allow to stand a few minutes. Then strain, pressing out all liquid from coconut with back of wooden spoon.

£50 SECOND PRIZE

SECOND prize of £50 was awarded to Mrs. M. J. Johnston, 21 Vincent Cres., Werribee, Vic., for Candied Pineapple Kuchen—a delicious pie that combines sweetness with a tangy bite.

CANDIED PINEAPPLE KUCHEN

Case: Two cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute.

Sift flour, salt, baking-powder into basin, rub in butter and add sugar. Mix well. Press mixture over base and sides of 8 or 9 in. pie-plate. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Remove from oven and fill with candied pineapple mixture.

Candied Pineapple: Three-quarters cup sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup pineapple juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 large can pineapple pieces (drained).

Place sugar, pineapple juice, cream of tartar in saucepan, bring slowly to the boil, stirring only lightly to dissolve sugar grains. Cook steadily without stirring until syrup is a deep caramel color. Remove from heat, pour gently into pie-case in which the pineapple pieces have been arranged. Then prepare Kuchen.

Kuchen: Two egg-yolks, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon sugar.

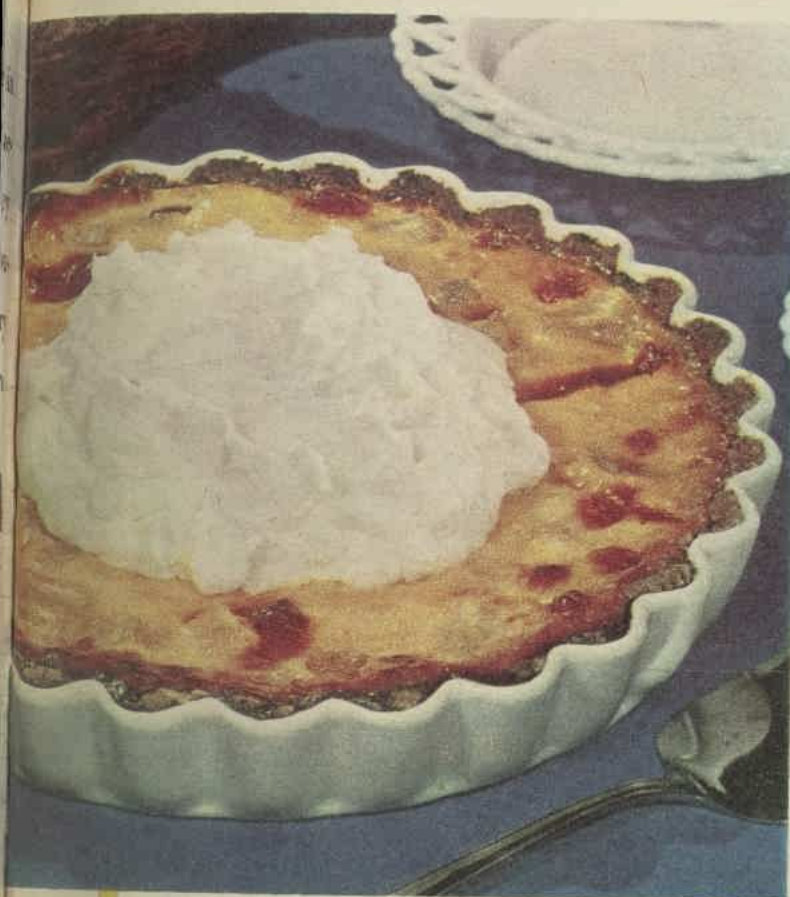
Combine egg-yolks and cream. Add sugar and mix well. Gently pour into pie-case. Return to moderate oven and bake further 30 to 35 minutes or until set. Serve with whipped sweetened cream.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 22, 1962

1st PRIZE

PINEAPPLE CURRY KOFTA: Small golden-brown meat balls are combined in a piquant curry sauce flavored with pineapple and coconut and served on a platter with hot fluffy rice.

canned pineapple recipe contest



**2nd
PRIZE**

CANDIED PINEAPPLE KUCHEN:
Crisp baked pastry case is lined with pineapple toffee mixture and topped with a rich egg custard.



**3rd
PRIZE**

PINEAPPLE AND ORANGE CRUNCH:
Rich toffee-coated cereal casing is filled with rich smooth butterscotch and delightful tangy pineapple fruit cream.

£20 THIRD PRIZE

THIRD prize of £20 was awarded to Mrs. C. W. Price, Imbil, Mary Valley Line, Qld., for Pineapple and Orange Crunch, a dessert combining butterscotch with a pineapple fruity cream.

PINEAPPLE AND ORANGE CRUNCH

Crunch: Three cups corn cereal flakes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons canned pineapple and orange juice.

Place corn cereal flakes in bowl, place remaining ingredients in saucepan. Heat gently until sugar dissolves, then boil rapidly until a little syrup dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Pour over flakes, mix lightly through with fork. Press round sides and base of oiled 8in. cake-tin. Leave to set. Prepare butterscotch.

Butterscotch: Two tablespoons custard powder, 4 egg-yolks, 2 cups canned pineapple and orange juice, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter.

Blend custard powder and egg-yolks with a little of the fruit juice. Combine remaining juice with sugar in saucepan, stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Stir in blended custard powder mixture and cook over heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in butter. Stand aside until required. Prepare pineapple cream.

Pineapple Cream: Three teaspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heated canned pineapple and orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ quantity of prepared butterscotch, 2 egg-whites, 1 cup sieved cottage cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup well-drained crushed pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped dates, whipped sweetened cream.

Dissolve gelatine in hot fruit juice; cool. Add half prepared butterscotch; chill until thickened. Beat egg-whites

• Level spoon measures and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes in this feature.

stiffly, fold in cottage cheese and thoroughly mix in thickened mixture. Fold in grated orange rind, pineapple, and dates.

To assemble: Unmould crunch, place on attractive platter. Fill with pineapple cream; chill thoroughly. Cover with remaining butterscotch and chill until serving time. Then top with whipped cream.

£10 CONSOLATION PRIZES

EIGHT consolation prizes of £10 each were awarded for the following recipes:

Mrs. H. Maartensz, 63 Broughton St., Concord, N.S.W., for—

SPICED FISH BALLS AND PINEAPPLE RICE

One egg, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup dry breadcrumbs, 1½lb. fish fillets (minced), 1 small clove garlic (crushed), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon green ginger (chopped), 3 tablespoons butter, ½lb. mushrooms (chopped), 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 8oz. can tomato soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, 1 tablespoon chopped ripe olives.

Beat egg with milk, salt, pepper, and breadcrumbs. Add fish, garlic, green ginger; mix lightly with fork, shape into balls about 1in. in diameter with floured hands. Heat butter in pan, fry fish balls until browned. Set aside. Saute mushrooms in pan juices about 5 minutes, add cornflour, stir until well blended. Add tomato soup, crushed pineapple, and fish balls; cover and simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Stir in sour cream, mix gently until fish balls are coated, sprinkle with chopped olives. Prepare rice.

Pineapple Rice: Three cups boiled rice, 1 diced green pepper, 1½ cups pineapple chunks, 1 small chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and pepper to taste.

Combine all ingredients, place in greased ovenproof dish. Bake in moderate oven until thoroughly reheated. Place fish balls in centre of hot serving-dish, arrange pineapple rice round edge.

Miss G. C. Pearce, Box 95, Kadina, S.A., for—

PINEAPPLE FRUIT CUP

Five cups sugar, 8 cups warm water, 4 cups strong black tea, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups orange juice, 2½ cups lemon juice, 2 cups stewed

or canned apple juice, 2 cups stewed rhubarb juice, 2 large cans pineapple juice, 1 small can passionfruit pulp, dry ginger ale, ice-cubes.

Combine all ingredients, stir well until sugar dissolves. Fill into bottles; chill. Serve in tall glasses, using half fruit cup and half dry ginger ale. Add a few ice-cubes to each glass, decorate with mint if desired. Makes 70 to 80 servings.

Mrs. E. Sinclair, 14 East Crescent Street, McMahon's Point, N.S.W., for—

PINEAPPLE ICE-CREAM LOG

One large can crushed pineapple, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1½ cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2oz. glace cherries, 2oz. crystallised ginger, 12 marshmallows, 1½ cups cream, chocolate cream (see below), shredded coconut, glace cherries, pineapple praline (see below).

Strain syrup from crushed pineapple into top half of double saucepan. Beat eggs well, beat in sugar, milk, and salt. Stir into pineapple syrup. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from water; cool. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze until consistency of soft ice-cream. Turn into chilled bowl, beat until very smooth, fold in crushed pineapple, chopped cherries, ginger, and marshmallows. Whip cream until stiff and fold into pineapple mixture. Pack into 2 similar sized empty pineapple cans; freeze for several hours or until really firm. When ready to serve, open closed ends of cans, slide knife round edge of ice-cream and slip out on to serving-plate. Join logs together with thin layer of chocolate cream and spread remaining cream with spatula over top and sides of log. Sprinkle cream with chopped shredded coconut, decorate down centre with glace cherries. To serve, cut into slices, sprinkle with sherry or rum if desired, and accompany each slice with pineapple praline.

Chocolate Cream: Sift 1 tablespoon cocoa into $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, add 1 dessertspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and whip until thick.

Pineapple Praline: Butter scone-tray heavily, sprinkle with 1 cup well-drained pineapple and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed nuts. Sprinkle with even layer of brown sugar (about ½in. thick) rubbed through sieve. Put under grill about 6in. from heat; cook about 1 minute. Watch carefully and when sugar is bubbling remove from heat. Cool until pan can be touched comfortably. Then quickly loosen crust with spatula and break into serving pieces.

Continued overleaf

Mrs. A. Mansfield, 12 Fourth Ave., St. Peters, S.A., for—

PINEAPPLE CAKE DELICIOUS

Cake: Half cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup crushed pineapple with syrup, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy, add vanilla essence, then eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add pineapple, then fold in sifted dry ingredients. Place into 2 well-greased and lined 8in. sandwich-tins; bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Allow to cool few minutes before turning out on cake-cooler to cool. Prepare filling.

Filling: One egg, 1 cup sugar, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup crushed drained pineapple, 1 tablespoon dissolved gelatine.

Beat egg and sugar together, add lemon rind, juice. Place in saucepan with butter; cook over hot water until slightly thickened. Allow to cool slightly, stir in dissolved gelatine and pineapple. Stir over ice-cubes until thickened, then sandwich cooled cakes together with filling. Prepare icing.

Icing: Two ounces butter, 6oz. sifted icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 dessertspoons pineapple juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup slivered almonds (sauteed in little butter).

Soften butter, gradually beat in sifted icing-sugar. Add vanilla and pineapple juice, mix to spreading consistency. Spread over top of cake, sprinkle with slivered almonds.

Mrs. L. Pattinson, Pioneer St., Foster, Vic., for—

ORIENTAL HALF-MOONS

Filling: One cup cold cooked chicken (chopped finely), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped ham or bacon, 1 small can mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple pieces (drained), 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, salt, pepper.

Combine chicken, ham, mushrooms, pineapple pieces. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, then milk; stir over heat until slightly thickened. Add chicken mixture, seasonings, mix well. Set aside to cool.

Pastry: Eight ounces flour, 6oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, cold water, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, fat or oil for frying.

Sift flour, divide butter into pieces about size of walnut; mix lightly into flour. Make well in centre, add lemon juice, salt, about 1 tablespoon water. Mix lightly, keeping butter pieces intact, adding water gradually until moderately stiff paste is formed. Roll into long strip, fold it equally in 3, turn so folded edges are to right and left. Roll, then fold again in 3, turn as before. Repeat until pastry has been rolled out 4 times. Chill.

Roll out pastry thinly as possible, cut into rounds about 3in. in diameter. Place spoonful of chicken mixture on each, glaze edges, fold over in half to make half-moon shapes, pressing edges firmly together. Brush with egg, cover with breadcrumbs; fry in deep hot fat or oil until lightly browned and cooked through. Drain on absorbent paper, serve piping-hot.

Mrs. E. Pertile, 101 Cardigan St., Carlton, Melbourne, for—

LUSCIOUS GOLDEN LAYER CAKE

Pastry: One and a half cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 3 or 4 tablespoons cold water.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Sprinkle water over mixture, mix to stiff dough. Chill if possible about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before rolling out. Divide into 4. Roll each into 8in. circle, place on lightly greased oven-slide. Prick with fork. Bake in hot oven 7 to 10 minutes. Allow to cool on trays. Prepare fillings.

Custard: One and a half cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, 3 dessertspoons corn-flour, 3 slightly beaten egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine sugar, salt, and corn-flour, blend with little of milk. Place remainder of milk in saucepan,

allow to heat with half the cream. Gradually add to blended mixture, return to saucepan; cook, stirring well until thick. Add egg-yolks, cook 2 minutes longer. Cool, add vanilla and remaining beaten cream.

Pineapple Filling: One can crushed pineapple, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, squeeze lemon juice and little grated lemon rind.

Blend arrowroot with little of pineapple syrup. Heat remainder of pineapple, stir in arrowroot, stir until boiling. Cook 2 minutes, cool, add lemon juice and rind.

Meringue: Three egg-whites, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, vanilla.

Beat egg-whites until very stiff, gradually add sugar, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla.

(from previous page)

To assemble sweet: Sandwich pastry layers together with alternate layers of custard and pineapple fillings. Top with layer of each, then completely cover with meringue. Bake in moderately hot oven few minutes to brown meringue lightly. Cool, decorate with few strawberries and pineapple slices (cut in halves). Serve cut into slices.

Mrs. T. Fry, 55 West Ave., Northfield, S.A., for—

CHOCOLATE PINEAPPLE SLICE

Base: One cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 cup corn

cereal flakes, 1 cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 5oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour and cocoa into bowl, add lightly crushed corn cereal, then coconut, sugar, vanilla. Melt butter and golden syrup in small saucepan, add to dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly, press into greased slab-tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. (Base should not be baked too long because it will harden on cooling.) Prepare filling.

Pineapple Filling: One large can pineapple chunks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons custard powder, 2 egg-yolks, cold water.

Drain syrup off pineapple chunks (reserve 1 cup). Place well-drained

pineapple pieces on top of baked base. Place sugar, reserved pineapple syrup, water in saucepan, place over heat to warm. Blend in small basin cornflour, custard powder, egg-yolks, and enough cold water to make smooth paste. Add to warmed mixture, bring to boil, stirring thoroughly. Simmer 2 minutes. Pour over pineapple. Prepare meringue.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually beat in sugar. Spread over top of slice, place in slow oven until slightly browned. Leave in tin until cold. Serve cut into finger-lengths.

Continued opposite



German meat dish wins £5

● A German recipe for a tasty main-course meat dish wins the main £5 prize in our regular cookery contest this week.

RECIPES for a simple apple-custard pie and rhubarb pickles win consolation prizes of £1 each.

BEEF ROLLS shown at left are given superb flavor when cooked in a mixture of beer and water with spices.

RINDFLEISCH IN BIER GESCHMORT (Beef stewed in beer)

Two pounds rump or similar steak, 4 rashers bacon (rind removed and chopped), 2 sliced onions, 2½ cups beer and water mixed, ½ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 2 cloves, 1 bay leaf (crumbled), salt, pepper, flour.

Flatten out beef with meat mallet or rolling-pin, cut into even-sized pieces; roll up, tie each with string. Sauté chopped bacon and onions in heated saucepan, then add meat

rolls. Allow to brown all over. Pour over beer and water mixture, add flavoring ingredients. Cover; simmer over low heat about 1 to 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Remove meat rolls, thicken pan juices with little blended flour. Season with salt, pepper; strain. Serve rolls on heated platter with sauce spooned over, accompanied by creamed potatoes, carrots, beans or peas.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Moncrieff, 34 Cornelia Street, Punchbowl, N.S.W.

PARTY APPLE PIE

One baked 8in. pastry-case, 1½ cups apple pulp, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup canned shredded pineapple (drained), grated rind and juice 1 orange, ½ cup evaporated milk, 3 egg-yolks, 3 egg-whites, extra 4 tablespoons sugar.

Combine apple pulp, sugar, evaporated milk, egg-yolks, and beat until smooth. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Remove from heat, add orange juice and rind and shredded pineapple. Mix well. Pour into baked pastry-case and top with meringue made by beating egg-whites until stiff and gradually adding extra sugar. Bake in moderately slow oven until meringue is pale golden brown and crisp. Serve warm with cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Niblock, 10 Gertrude Street, Dannevirke, Hawkes Bay, N.Z.

RHUBARB PICKLES

One and a half pounds rhubarb, 2½lb. onions, 1½lb. sugar, ½lb. sultanas, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon curry powder, ½ tablespoon cloves (tied in piece of muslin), 1 tablespoon mustard, 1 quart vinegar, ½ cup flour mixed with 1 tablespoon turmeric and water to make smooth paste.

Cut up rhubarb and onions into even-sized pieces; add other ingredients, except flour mixture; boil 1 hour in heavy saucepan. Blend in flour mixture and stir until mixture boils. Boil further 3 minutes. Fill into heated clean jars. Seal and label when cold. Leave a few weeks before using.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss A. Hogan, 27 McNamara Street, West Preston, Vic.

Readers are invited to enter our regular weekly recipe contest by sending in interesting recipes, which should contain easily obtainable ingredients.

Please use level spoon measures and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure. Address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Concluding . . .

PINEAPPLE CONTEST

Mrs. J. Marsh, "Peak View," Palmer's Channel, Clarence River, N.S.W., for—

FRUIT CAKE

One cup butter, 1½ cups brown sugar, 4 eggs (separated), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 2 teaspoons allspice, 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1½ cups chopped cherries, 1½ cups chopped figs, 1½ cups chopped canned pineapple, 1 cup raisins, 2 cups chopped nuts, ½ cup chopped shredded peel.

Cream butter and sugar together until light and fluffy. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beat well after each addition. Sift together flour, spices, salt, baking-powder; add alternately to creamed mixture with pineapple juice. Fold in chopped fruits, nuts; lastly fold in egg-whites which have been beaten until stiff. Fill into 8in. cake-tin lined with 1 thickness of white paper and 2 of brown. Bake in slow oven about 3 or 4 hours. When cooked remove from oven, allow to cool in tin. Wrap in clean towel, store few days before cutting.



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Household Hints

● Here are useful ideas to help you with jobs throughout the house. If you have an original home hint send it to us. Each one published wins £1/1/-.

FREEZE some soup stock in your ice-cube trays and use three or four of these cubes instead of water when cooking baby's vegetables. The vegetables can be made as moist as required by mashing in the

stock. — Mrs. H. Ewart, 32 Eyre St., Seaview Downs, S.A.

To revive the color of your carpet scrape one or two potatoes finely and pour hot water over them. Leave for two hours, strain, and use liquid to brush carpets or rugs. It makes them look like

new again. — Mrs. C. R. Fitzallen, 42 Race Course Crescent, Lancelton, Tas.

When painting window frames, cut out sheets of newspaper, soak in water and fit to each pane. There's no need to be meticulously careful with the paint and the paper will drop off the glass when it's dry. — Mrs. F. Clear, 9 Toms Crescent, Ainslie, A.C.T.

If men's stretch socks sag at the top, sew bias binding on the inside top and thread elastic through. — Mrs. C. Jose, 67 Forrest St., Boulder, W.A.

Add a handful of oatmeal to the bath if the water is very hard. This prevents a line forming round the edge and makes the bath much easier to clean. — Jane Drake-Brockman, 118 Princess Rd., Claremont, W.A.

To re-use embroidery transfers, mix equal parts of laundry blue and sugar with cold water to form thick cream. Dip a clean pen in the cream, go over lines of transfer and allow to dry. Press on to material with warm iron. — Miss Linda Gentle, Charlotte St., Millmerran, Qld.

When frying fish, sprinkle a little curry-powder into the pan. It prevents odor and improves both flavor and color. — Mrs. S. R. Bentley, 20 Bruce St., Broadview, S.A.

When corking a bottle which must be tightly sealed, place a piece of tape across the mouth of the bottle before inserting the cork. It won't be difficult to remove cork later—just pull both ends of the tape. — Mrs. B. Blamire, 59 Sixth Ave., Loftus, N.S.W.

After cooking small cakes or biscuits, write on the bottom of the recipe the amount it made. This will enable you to make the exact number required on future occasions. — Miss Maree Armstrong, 5 Mascara St., Ascot Vale, Vic.

When potatoes are expensive, make them go further by boiling a cup of rice with them and mash together. This also makes a good topping for a potato pie. — Mrs. G. Saunders, 9 Main St., Scone, N.S.W.

To prevent blouses coming loose from skirts, sew two hooks inside back of skirt band, about 3in. apart, hook end upwards. Sew eyes face downwards to waistlines of blouses to correspond with hooks. — Mrs. W. Hall, 6 Gordon St., Labrador, Southport, Qld.

Give a meat pie extra flavor by adding finely minced onion to the crust. Sprinkle onion evenly over pastry before rolling out. — Mrs. G. B. King, 9 Alpha Rd., Camden, N.S.W.

To remove dark stains from inside a pottery vase, fill it with hot water and add two tablespoons bleaching powder. Leave overnight and rub with soapy steel-wool in the morning. — Mrs. M. C. G. Forster, 165 Miller's Rd., 8 Mill Plains, S.C.L., Qld.

For onion juice without tears, cut onion in halves and press on lemon-squeezer. It's much better than grating. — Mrs. F. Tapf, 29 Thorne St., East Geelong, Vic.

Old ties can be used to cover coathangers. Unscrew hook and slip narrow end of tie over hanger. It looks nice and fits well because material is cut diagonally. — Mrs. Paulina Matujza, 45 Eirene St., Yarraville, Melbourne.

PUFFIN



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UNUSUAL FRUIT



CHINESE gooseberries (*Actinida chinensis*) grow to 20ft. Plant in early spring to ramble over pillars or trellises. Two plants are needed—one of either sex.

GARDENING

If you enjoy exciting fruit flavors, grow the succulent beauties shown here.

All grow easily in most parts of Australia. Plant in August or September.

Figs like it hot, but need plenty of water. Sometimes they crop twice a year.

Medlars grow to about 12ft. Pick them in autumn and leave in a warm, dry place until they become squashy. Eat them or make them into jelly or medlar cheese.

Chinese gooseberries are egg-sized fruit which taste like honeydew melon. Peel carefully and eat only the pulp and seeds.

Some varieties of prickly pear are prohibited in Australia. Unrestricted varieties mentioned at right have delicious fruit.

Pick the fruits as they turn pink, and eat them when they are bright red inside. Wear gloves when handling plants and fruit, which have irritant hairs. All these fruits are heavy feeders and, to set properly, need plenty of water and manure.

Two other delicious fruits which can be planted at the same time are Cape gooseberries (*Physalis peruviana*) and quinces. Cape gooseberries can be grown as an annual from spring-sown seed.

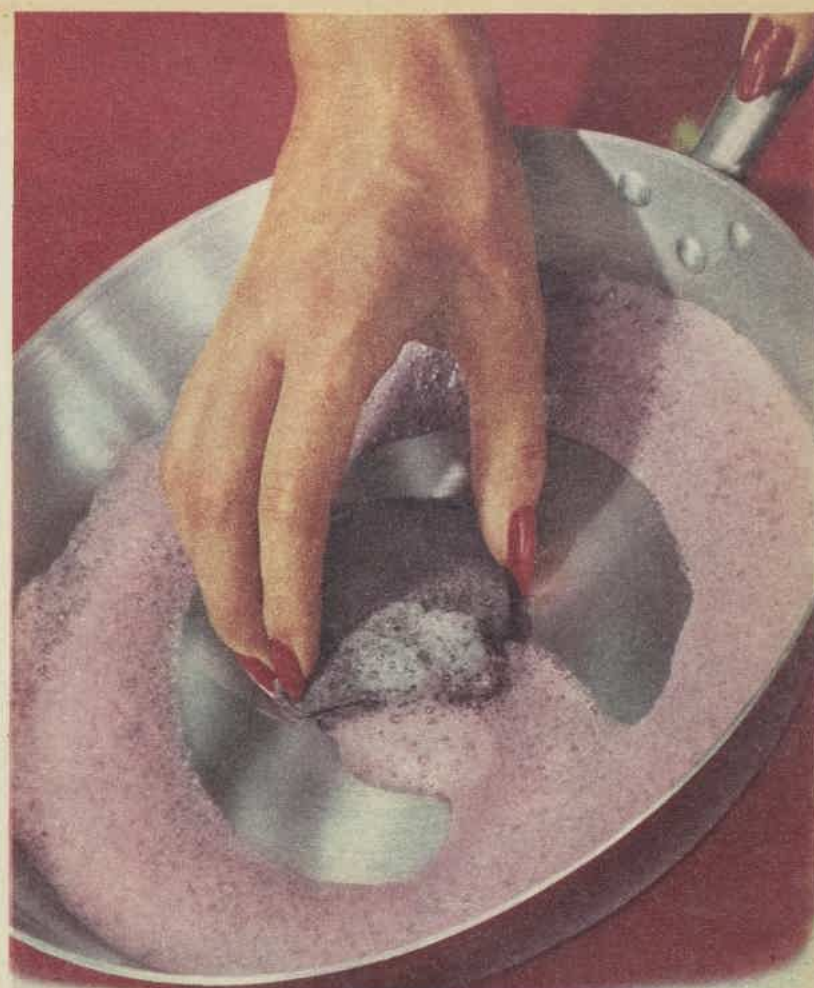


PRICKLY PEAR (*Opuntia streptocantha*, *O. ficus indica*, and *O. robusta* are not prohibited varieties). Grows easily from cuttings, but it does not bear fruit for several years.



MEDLARS (*Mespilus germanica*), popular in the Middle Ages, are still valued all over Europe for the tangy winter-ripening fruit. Plant in early spring.

FIGS (*Ficus carica*) are planted in late spring from cuttings or layers. They need plenty of water. Make sure you plant the bisexual varieties: White Provence, White Adriatic, or Black Ischia.



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oh bring back my
whiteness
to me!

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KY308



● Three-piece teaset is English.

Collectors' Corner



● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antique china, glass, bronze, and a Victorian love-seat. They are shown on this page.

● Spode coffee set.



● Decorated clock.

Where was my black clock made? It is decorated with grapes, vines, and cherubs.—Mrs. P. E. McKibery, Coleraine, Vic.

Your beautiful French bronze clock (above) was made by Japy Bros. about 1860.

★ ★ ★

Could you tell me how old my silver teaset is, please?—Mrs. J. D. Nitschke, McLaren Vale, S.A.

Your three-piece English teaset (far left, above) is not silver, but electroplate. It was made in the 1895-1905 period.



● Pair of glass vases.

My pair of vases stand 7½ in. high, are made of milky white china or glass, and are decorated with a spray of gold daisies. Both are marked B 421. — Mrs. U. Stoppa, Phillip Island, Vic.

Your glass vases (above) are late-Victorian and were made about 1880.



● Victorian love-seat.

My love-seat is made of mottled bamboo and still has the original velvet upholstery. When was it made?—Mrs. V. Staehli, Epping, N.S.W.

Your late-Victorian love-seat (above) was made between 1885-1895.

★ ★ ★

My coffee service is marked 2289 on the base of each piece. What is its origin?—Mrs. A. A. Treasure, Walpa, Vic.

Your English Spode service (centre, above) was made about 1920. The design is transfer-printed in underglaze-blue.

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F7527. — Trim two-piece with cool neckline, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: short sleeves (drawing B), 3½yds. 36in. material; ¾-length sleeves (A), 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/.



F7612

F7616. — Pretty sunfrock with organdie overlay, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. organdie, and 3yds. rick-rack braid. Price 3/9.

F7612. — Useful shirtmaker with attractive skirt, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F7616



F7628. — Tennis frock with pleated skirt and buttoned yoke, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. rick-rack braid. Price 3/6.



F7678. — Charming maternity frock for day or night, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.



F7678



F7614

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 686. — GIRL'S FROCK. Cut out to make in check gingham. Rick-rack braid is supplied. Colors are white with red, blue, yellow, or pink checks. Sizes 4 to 6 years, 18/6; 8 to 10 years, 20/6; 12 years, 22/6. Postage 2/- extra on all sizes.

No. 687. — THROWOVER. Organdie throwover hem-stitched and traded to embroider. Size, 36in. square. Only color available is white. Price 10/6, plus 1/6 postage.

No. 688. — FROCK. No-iron spotted cotton frock cut out to make. Colors are white with blue spot, white with red spot, or red with white spot. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 17/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 40/6. Postage 2/- extra on all sizes.



686



687



688

why do
Heinz
make 8 kinds
of custard



just
for baby...

Baby likes custard, and you're right to give it to him because it contains so many vital elements for sturdy growth. But let's face it — he'd soon get bored with just one or two kinds. That's why Heinz make no less than *eight* custards for baby... equally wholesome, equally delicious but each with a different flavour so you can be sure he'll never tire of this all important food.

Those eight custards are just part of more than 90 Strained and Junior foods which Heinz make for baby. Only Heinz give you this sort of variety, which makes it easy to introduce new foods whenever baby is ready — in a form you know he'll enjoy.

And while baby thrives on Heinz Foods, you'll appreciate their time-saving convenience. Always available, at any supermarket or grocer's, they save hours of work because they're ready to heat and serve, straight from the can.

so he'll never tire of a vital food in his diet

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